

# THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS

REGISTERED AT THE GENERAL POST OFFICE AS A NEWSPAPER.

No. 3123.—VOL. CXIV.

SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 25, 1899.

SIXPENCE.  
By Post, 6d.



THE LATE PRESIDENT FAURE LYING IN STATE AT THE ELYSÉE PALACE.



## OUR NOTE BOOK.

BY L. F. AUSTIN.

When a public man disappears, you recall the place where you last saw him, and the impression which he made upon your mind. I remember Lord Beaconsfield, at the height of his authority, entering the City in a triumphal procession. I stood in the front line of the crowd, and when his carriage appeared I was thrust forward with such force that my head nearly bounced through the window. Lord Beaconsfield showed no emotion at this intrusion. His profile remained impassive; but the eye which looked out of it was so strange and uncanny that I recoiled upon the enthusiasts who were pressing behind me. There was no speculation in that eye; you might have stared at it for a year without discovering any expression whatever. I thought of one of the most famous Disraelian sayings: youth is a folly, manhood a blunder, old age a regret. Here was old age, honoured, powerful, full of gratified ambition; but there was no regret in its aspect. Nothing so human! The mind behind that terrible eye might have been incapable of a single thought that is common to mortality.

A week before his assassination I saw President Carnot at Longchamps. It was the afternoon of the Grand Prix. An English horse presumed to compete with a French horse, and the assemblage wore an air of ruffled patriotism. Unaccustomed to racing, I could not make out which horse had won, and addressed an inquiry to a neighbour. "C'est le Français qui gagne!" he responded through his teeth, and I understood from his emphasis that Agincourt and Waterloo were avenged at last. Suddenly, in the President's tribune, I saw a dark face, stamped with the responsibility of the State. It was responsibility without authority, personal dignity without initiative, all the attributes with which the French invest the head of the Republic, who is not permitted to govern though he is a target for discontent. I gathered that racing did not amuse M. Carnot, even when the French horse beat the English horse and obliterated Crecy. Did anything amuse that melancholy man? What a life upon a slippery pinnacle without pastimes! A French President ought to be an inveterate golfer. Bunkers might be christened after Rochefort, Drumont, and Dreyfus, and in any one of them the President might speak his mind with that freedom which is the golfer's charter. Golf, moreover, would keep State affairs in their right perspective. When Mr. Balfour is on the links, he knows that Home Rule is fleeting, and the eighteenth hole immortal. With a golf-club in his hand, would poor Felix Faure have been worried to death by the threats of Drumont?

One balmy morning I was taking a modest repast outside a café near the Luxembourg. There were few people in the café or the street: the waiters lounged and gossiped; a rag-picker hurled injurious epithets at a baker's boy. Presently there dashed round the corner an open carriage with four horses, outriders, a troop of cavalry, and President Casimir-Perier, who seemed anxious. He looked as if he had been searching for the cheering populace, and had not found it. The rag-picker and the baker's boy suspended their discussion and stared at him; the waiters opened their mouths, but uttered no sound. I felt that the responsibility of the situation devolved upon perfidious Albion, and dropping knife and fork, I waved my hat and the table-napkin. President Casimir-Perier clutched at this demonstration with pathetic eagerness. He made me a profound bow; he smiled as if I were an old friend; he overlooked my nationality, and forgot all about Waterloo. Perhaps he drove home to the Elysée and told his secretaries that he had been hailed with mighty acclamation all along the route. I sincerely hope that I was the humble instrument of giving this comfort to a well-meaning soul, buffeted by intrigues and unnerved by scandals.

With this recollection of good works I waited one evening to see President Faure come out of the Vaudeville. When he appeared I saw at once that he did not need my help. Perhaps Réjane had diverted him in one of her most audacious impersonations; perhaps he was cheered by the expectation of pheasant-shooting on the morrow. The late President, I imagine, was a fearful and wonderful shot. You can see his exploits in this line any evening at the Palace Theatre, where he is represented by the American Biograph, popping at the birds and frightening his nervous escort by turning abruptly to take a hasty aim at a sharp angle. After every shot, an attendant in uniform drops a fresh cartridge into the breech of the gun, and the sportsman glances hurriedly about him as if apprehensive that the next pheasant will take the mocking likeness of Dreyfus. In such conditions, shooting must be a poor distraction for a tormented spirit. I don't know whether President Loubet is partial to vigorous exercise, but with every token of respect I would urge him to try golf. Let him take warning by his three predecessors. Let him eschew depressed escorts, and import a caddy from St. Andrews. With a set of golf balls, painted to represent the Semitic grin of Drumont and the maniacal scowl of Rochefort, he ought to cultivate that robust personality which Frenchmen crave to see in the head of the State.

But reminiscences of distinguished people dead or in retirement, are, to my thinking, of minor interest compared to that premonition of greatness which sometimes seizes you when you witness a first appearance on the public scene. I saw on the stage lately a baby, who gave more evidence of natural genius than I should have thought it possible to detect in one so young, and upon so slight an acquaintance. His age, I should say, embraced about ten moons. He (I use the masculine pronoun because he was a cool and self-possessed representative of the sterner sex in Mr. H. V. Esmond's remarkable play, "Grierson's Way," though I have heard it rumoured that, in point of elementary fact, the baby was a girl) sat upon a sofa, and in his mouth was something which, I am told, is technically known as "a comforter." Never have I seen any person, young or old, who was less in need of mechanical solace. Having surveyed the audience with composure and penetration, he suddenly lurched forward. The whole womanhood of the theatre was instantly on the rack; mothers uttered stifled cries, and arms were outstretched instinctively to catch him. But he was in no danger; he was simply a consummate artist making his first appeal to the great heart of the public. The great heart responded with convulsive eloquence, and that very moment this precocious youngster placed his foot (her foot, if you wish to be pedantic) upon the first rung of the ladder of fame.

I go into these details because I look forward to the time (about the year 1919) when I shall desire the courteous reader who still lingers over this page to refer back to the present number for the prophecy which will then be verified. Twenty years hence this baby will be a brilliant young actress, thriving on laughter and tears, and aged playgoers like myself will be garrulous about her first appearance at ten months in an early work by an eminent dramatist. I shall recall how she played a boy with the instinct for a boy's superior importance, how she listened with sparkling eyes to the remarks of the melancholy Grierson, who was unpacking his wife's trunk and making a shocking mess of it, and how, to divert attention from this proceeding and concentrate it on herself, she made that famous *coup de théâtre* which I have already commemorated. By that time public taste will have so far developed that "Grierson's Way" will be played by amateurs in country houses as a light entertainment; and competitive babies of high rank will scramble for the part which is associated with an illustrious name. (At present I don't know the name, but Onesima Hirondele would look well in the playbill.) As for Mr. Esmond, whose gifts have made so strong an impression upon every observant critic, his reputation will be secured when the fair Onesima has grown up; for is not every contemporary playwright an apprentice to the players? As it will become an accepted tradition that he was brought into favourable notice by Onesima when she was a baby, he had better keep an eye on her upbringing, so that he may walk with a more confident tread the day she goes into long frocks, and know that fame is in his grasp when her hair is done up in a knot.

It is not only to the spirit of prophecy that I enter a modest claim. The citizen who wins a cabman's gratitude is entitled to a monument, even if he have to erect it himself. One evening last week I made a journey in a cab and a dense fog. It was so dense that the dim spark of every lamp-post was as welcome as the lighthouse to a bewildered mariner, and the intervals of pitch blackness were enlivened by speculation whether I should count a flight of area steps on my head, or strive with the same projection to disturb the gravity of some omnibus that rumbled uncomfortably close. Suddenly the horse gave a plunge, one of the reins snapped in the middle, the belly-band broke, the cab lurched violently on to the side-walk, hoofs struck sparks from the flags, and I jumped out. Then might the cabman have cried—

O clubman, gentle clubman,  
On whom the cabmen pray,  
A cabman's horse, a cabman's life,  
Take thou in charge to-day!

What he actually said was (precisely the same idea in prose), "Catch 'old of 'er 'ead, Sir!" Responding to one rein, the animal staggered in a circle, and in another moment she might have bolted in a fright and made a horrible smash. Luckily, "er 'ead" came within reach, and I clutched it desperately. Cabby slipped off his perch, and expressed himself with a devotional fervour of which his race has never been suspected. It disarmed any natural criticism of the quality of the harness.

I don't want to lay too much stress upon this incident, but I am sure the reader will like to know the emotions of a man who has saved a cabman's life. Interviewers will hasten to ask me, "What did you feel like when the rein broke?" That suggests that, for an instant, I may have been concerned with something so insignificant as my own personal safety. There is a kind of mind which would dwell on that, like the man in Ibsen who, when his child was drowned, confessed that he was thinking about his dinner. No, my friends, I was thinking of the cabman; and now I am wondering whether the service I have rendered to his tribe will have the effect of spiritualising their parts of speech when I tender the legal fare.

## HOME AND FOREIGN NEWS.

Her Majesty the Queen is at Windsor, accompanied by Princess Henry of Battenberg. Princess Louis of Battenberg has gone to Germany. The Duke and Duchess of York came on a visit to the Queen on Friday. The Marquis of Salisbury, on the same day, had an audience of her Majesty. The Queen received the Right Rev. Dr. Watkin Herbert Williams, on his appointment as Bishop of Bangor, and Surgeon Bankart, of H.M.S. *Surprise*, who attended the late Prince Alfred of Saxe-Coburg-Gotha in his last illness.

The Prince of Wales, on Thursday, Feb. 16, at Grosvenor House, presided over a meeting of the committee of the National Memorial to Mr. Gladstone, when a report was presented by the Duke of Westminster, and Lord Rosebery took part in the discussion with reference to the proposed statue in Dublin. Lord Kimberley and the Archbishop of Canterbury were present. His Royal Highness went to Sandringham at the end of last week. Prince and Princess Charles of Denmark are at Appleton House, Norfolk.

Before leaving London, the Prince of Wales attended, at the Royal College of Surgeons, the delivery of the Hunterian Oration by Sir W. MacCormac, and visited the National Gallery of British Art at Millbank, to inspect the proposed site of the statue of Sir J. E. Millais.

Princess Louise, Marchioness of Lorne, has left England for some visits on the Continent.

The Duke and Duchess of Connaught, in their trip up the Nile, arrived at Omdurman on Saturday evening, and were received by the Sirdar, Lord Kitchener of Khartoum. There was a display of fireworks in honour of the royal guests. On Monday they visited the ruins of Khartoum, and General Gordon's palace. The Duke of Connaught saw the late battlefield at Omdurman, inspected the Egyptian and British troops, nine thousand in number, and held a levée for the officers. Their Royal Highnesses departed in the afternoon, returning to Egypt.

The election for North Birmingham took place on Feb. 14. Mr. J. T. Middlemore, Unionist, was returned without opposition. At the election for the city of London, on Feb. 16, Count Arthur Moore, Nationalist, obtained a majority of forty-two votes. The election for the North-West Division of Lanarkshire resulted in the return of Dr. Douglas, the Liberal candidate.

The panel painting of the Great Fire of London by Mr. Stanhope Forbes, part of the decorations in progress at the Royal Exchange, was unveiled on Feb. 16 by the Marchioness of Granby, who was accompanied by her husband. It is a gift from the directors of the Sun Fire Insurance Company.

In the Appeal Court on Friday the Lord Chancellor and the Attorney-General mentioned, with expressions of regret shared by all members of the Bench and the Bar, the death of Lord Justice Chitty as a great loss to the judicial order and to the legal profession. On Saturday, when the funeral took place at Brookwood Cemetery, there was a special service in Lincoln's Inn Chapel.

The Committee of the City Corporation on the Water Supply of London resolved last week not to support the scheme of the London County Council and its Bill in Parliament for the purchase of the eight water companies' undertakings. They passed an amendment declaring it inexpedient to deal with the matter before the report of the Royal Commission of Inquiry is presented.

The directors of the Millwall Dock Company, in their report, accompanied with a report from Mr. W. B. Peat, their senior auditor, upon the extraordinary practices recently discovered in the keeping of their financial accounts, and the preparation of false balance-sheets, estimate the total amount involved in these official mis-statements at £220,000, and the deficiency must now be charged to capital account. For some years past the net revenue has been much exaggerated, and dividends have been paid out of capital. Mr. Birt, the managing director and chairman, disappeared on Feb. 8. A warrant for his apprehension was issued on Monday.

The negotiations of the Anglo-American Commission at Washington, for the settlement of all the outstanding controversies between the United States, Canada, and Great Britain, have been suspended until June, to which time the Commissioners have adjourned their meetings. Lord Herschell is suffering from the effects of an accidental fall over a chair, by which the bone of the pelvis was broken; and Sir Wilfrid Laurier is obliged to return to Canada to perform the duties of his office as Colonial Prime Minister. Several of the American Commissioners also must now attend to the business of Congress. The most difficult question, relating to the claim of a Canadian route to Klondike in communication with a port on the sea-coast of Alaska, is still left in dispute.

The Hungarian Prime Minister, Baron Banffy, resigned office at the end of last week. His successor, chosen by the Emperor of Austria, is Privy Councillor Koloman de Szell, who will endeavour to reunite the Liberal Party in the Diet; he is fifty-five years of age, and is regarded as a political pupil of the late eminent Hungarian statesman, Francis Deák.

The Greek Parliamentary general elections were taking place on Sunday, and so far as the result was known, had produced a majority of one hundred members in favour of the Triocypis Government party; that of Delianis being thoroughly condemned for its mismanagement, when in office, of the late war with Turkey.

The Pope, on Monday last, kept the twenty-first anniversary of his accession to the Holy See. He is in good health, and enjoyed a walk in the Vatican gardens. Messages of congratulation were received by him from most of the foreign Sovereigns.

A conflict has occurred between some of the Chinese inhabitants of Talien-Wan, the seaport town which was ceded to Russia last year, and the Russian garrison soldiers. The dispute is said to have arisen from opposition to the land-tax imposed by the Russian Government.



## PARLIAMENT.

The debate on the Address has covered a fine assortment of topics—Home Rule, distress in the West of Ireland, the food supply in war-time, and Bishops in the House of Lords. There was little animation in the Home Rule debate. It gave Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman an opportunity to declare in plain terms that while adhering to the principle of Home Rule, the Opposition would not satisfy the Irish Party by pledging themselves to press a Home Rule Bill on the country the moment they returned to power. He claimed for the Liberal Party the right to choose the time and the manner in which they would again address themselves to this question. Mr. Redmond and his friends declared that this was a "betrayal" of the Irish cause, an opinion which was received on both sides of the House with comparative languor. Even Colonel Sanderson failed to rouse any fighting spirit. There was a good deal more warmth in the debate on Mr. Davitt's amendment in favour of compulsory powers for the Congested Districts Board to acquire land for starving peasants. Mr. Gerald Balfour taunted Mr. Davitt with the mildness of his speech in the House compared to his oratory in Ireland, and accused him of seeking to rouse a popular agitation which would "devastate and disgrace" that country. Here Mr. Davitt retorted, "I do not charge the public £4000 a year for my services as you do." The Chief Secretary, examining the proposals in favour of migration, said that the difficulties were almost insuperable. As for the compulsory acquisition of land, he held that there was not enough land for the purpose, even supposing that compulsion could be exercised. It was true that the Congested Districts Board had passed a resolution in the sense of Mr. Davitt's amendment, but that was three years ago, and subsequent experience had not confirmed this view. On the subject of the food supply in war-time, there was a good deal of talk about national granaries, which would cost some thirty millions sterling. Sir Charles Dilke argued that such an expenditure should be devoted to the Navy. Our food supply would be preserved while we held command of the sea, and the probabilities were that our friendly relations with the United States would make the supply certain. A member of the Welsh Party indicted the Bishops, who, he said, had no business to sit in the House of Lords; but the House showed very little interest in this point of view. The early crocuses of legislation sprang up in the shape of Mr. Chaplin's Bill to enable the London water companies to supply one another; the Home Secretary's Bill to control the London omnibuses; and Lord James's Bill (introduced in the Lords) to regulate the money-lenders. By this measure, every professional money-lender will have to register himself under one name (bankers and pawnbrokers being excluded), and the Courts will be empowered to revise contracts in which interest is charged above ten per cent. Lord James said that this drastic scheme was justified by the evidence given before the Money-Lending Committee last year, and it is clear that public opinion agrees with him.

## MUSIC.

The chief musical event of the week has consisted of Sir Frederick Bridge's lectures on Handel's "Messiah," lectures which did a world of good towards clearing up many points of extreme difficulty and obscurity. In the first place you have that point of the incredibly short time within which the work was composed. Sir Frederick Bridge proved that Handel had written certain Italian songs and duets a few weeks before the stated dates of the composition of "The Messiah," which he utilised in that work with an audacity and an insight that really are as remarkable as the world's original apprehension of the manufacture of the oratorio. The chorus "All we like sheep," for example, and "For unto us," which hitherto have been regarded as perfect examples of appropriateness, are proved to be practically music written for words of an utterly different meaning and sentiment. That the quick perception of genius should have understood how well such work would suit the matter in hand makes for one's greater admiration of that genius; but it also explains a hitherto almost impossible story.

Sir Frederick Bridge, however, made this—if one may use a sporting phrase—no more than his first bag. He pursued a rarer game; in point of fact, his quarry was no other than Mozart, whom he brought down in the completest and most convincing way. Mozart, of course, had no earthly business to interfere with an acknowledged masterpiece; even though such interference meant the accumulation of a hundred pounds to his banking account. Still, there was some excuse. It is not to be supposed that Mozart knew how ready the world would be to accept his additional labours as part of Handel's own work. He was asked to supply the place of an organ, and his transcendent genius effected that substitution with too dazzling a brilliance. It is because he was so great that we blame him so much. Had he been a nobody, Handel (and the admirers of Handel) would have had no cause for quarrel with him.

For that reason Sir Frederick Bridge did well to be angry with Mozart, although he made a humorous and clever pretence of putting the blame upon the shoulders of other writers of additional accompaniments—one culprit, Smithies (a trombone-player), coming in for an especial torrent of abuse. In the event the lecturer proved himself to be a stern upholder of true and right art. Handel wrote "The Messiah"; it is his work, it belongs to himself, and it must be restored to him just as he produced it. Already at the Albert Hall his real, his original creation has been given to the public. It is devoutly to be hoped that this example is no more than the beginning of a real reformation. Mozart is, let us say and repeat, the angel of music; but when he brought his pen to "The Messiah" it was in a moment which proved him to be untrue to his own magnificent ideal of art. On the other side of the Styx it may console him to find, nevertheless, that Wagner entirely approves of his performance in this respect.

## THE PLAYHOUSES.

"THE ONLY WAY," AT THE LYCEUM.

Briefly defined, Mr. Freeman Will's adaptation of "A Tale of Two Cities" is a costume melodrama in four acts and a prologue. Of these the prologue is unnecessary, since a later speech of Defarge before the Revolutionary Tribunal, denouncing the son of his sister's betrayer and his brother's murderer, fully explains the conventional basis on which the drama, as the novel, is founded. Further, the first act is but a verbose exposition of the psychology of Sydney Carton, lack-barrister, drunkard, and discarded friend of young Darnay and his sweetheart, Lucie Manette; while the second, with no less indeterminate rhetoric, tells how Darnay is tempted to Paris by the diabolical revolutionary Defarge, and is followed by his generous rival. At length comes movement and some sort of passion. We are in the midst of the Terror and the whirligig of excitements that end in aristocrat Darnay's condemnation. The last three scenes, showing Sydney's change of prison-dress with his friend, and the tableau realising Fred Barnard's picture of the self-denying hero on the scaffold, are sheerest stage-curpentry. It is an unsatisfactory piece of work, and not even duly sensational. Nor is the acting remarkable.

MR. HARE'S REVIVAL OF "OURS."

The most interesting feature of Mr. Hare's revival of Robertson's military comedy, "Ours," is its exact reproduction of the costumes of the Crimean War time—the imposing uniforms and the spacious crinolines. For the play itself will not bear criticism. Frankly, it is the poorest stuff, and I wonder its last act passed muster even in early Bancroft days. Just imagine the situation: all the characters of the play, yes, women too, established in a hut out the Crimea way. The ladies seemingly come to conduct a series of "love-scenes—heiress Blanche rejecting a prince for her poor cousin; haughty Lady Shandryn tearfully making up a quarrel with her choleric husband; and cheery Mary Netley accepting her blasé millionaire over the concoction of a role-play puddling! You understand the play's vogue surely. Its beating of the big British drum, its snobbish sentimentality, its domestic humour: these are all sufficient explanations. "Hearts are more than coronets," you know, and it is on this principle that the poor cadet wins his heiress and the millionaire woos her poor companion. And then consider the stroke of genius which thought of that pudding. Meantime I can discover little or no characterisation, childishly naive construction, a study of society manners worthy of James's pantry and dialogue, which is too often a mere tissue of fustian and stale jocosity. Happily the interpretation is generally satisfying.

F. G. B.

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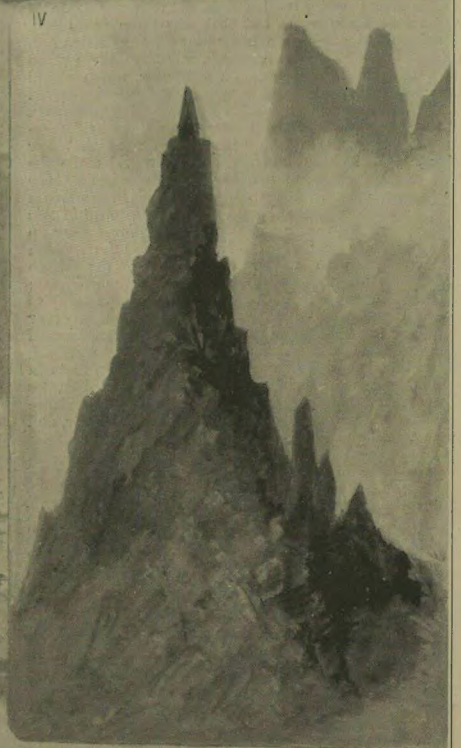
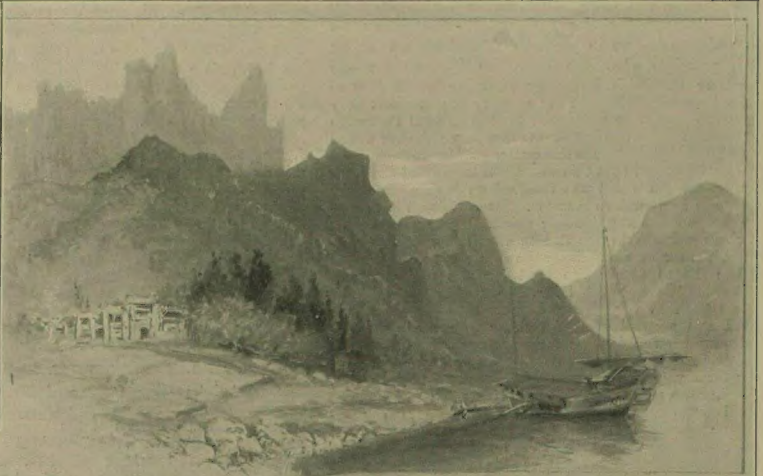
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1. Nan-To Temple, Head of the Ichang Gorges.  
2. Junks in Tow in the Gorges.

3. The Middle of the Ichang Gorges.  
4. "The Needle of Heaven."

5. Towing Junks Up-Stream.  
6. Mr. Pritchard Morgan in his "Yamen" at Peking.

SCENES IN CENTRAL CHINA: THE ICHANG GORGES.





ON THE CANADIAN-PACIFIC RAILWAY: PASSENGERS ENJOYING THE VIEW AT STEPHEN, ON THE SUMMIT OF THE ROCKY MOUNTAINS.

*From a Sketch by our Special Artist, Melton Prior.*



## OUR ILLUSTRATIONS.

M. FAURE AND M. LOUBET.

The sudden death of M. Félix Faure, President of the French Republic, on Thursday evening, Feb. 16, of apoplexy, two hours after the seizure, has caused much regret and anxiety all over the world, felt in England, by the Court and by the whole nation, as seriously as in any country. Her Majesty the Queen was almost the first among the Sovereigns of Europe, on Friday morning, to telegraph a message of condolence to the French Government and nation, and to Madame Faure, upon this distressing event. The Prince of Wales, Lord Salisbury, Sir E. Monson, the British Ambassador in Paris, and the British Chamber of Commerce in Paris lost no time in communicating their feelings of sympathy, and of sincere regard for the deceased statesman. The body of M. Faure, after lying in state at the Elysée Palace, was interred in the Père la Chaise Cemetery, with a public funeral, on Thursday last, the previous religious ceremony having been performed at Notre Dame Cathedral. On Saturday, at the Congress Hall of the National Assembly at Versailles, the members of the Senate and of the Chamber of Deputies, sitting together, elected a new President of the Republic, M. Emile Loubet, who has been President of the Senate since 1896, and was Prime Minister in 1893. He received 483 votes, against 279 given for M. Méline, and 56 for other persons. The Ministry of M. Dupuy is still in office, for the present.

The new French President comes from as simple a stock as his predecessors. Felix Faure was the son of a Norman tanner. Emile Loubet springs from the peasantry of the Midi. But it would be difficult to find two men less alike. The late President had many worries. He suffered something strongly resembling blackmail at the hands of the unscrupulous Drumont. He was deeply compromised by the illegality of the Dreyfus court-martial. To these serious anxieties was added the torment of a desire to rank with crowned heads. It is said that M. Faure corresponded a great deal with most of the Sovereigns of Europe. We can easily believe it, but we cannot believe that M. Loubet will follow the example. M. Faure cherished the idea that his personality counted for a good deal in the Franco-Russian "alliance." He mourned the etiquette which compelled him to wear evening dress amid the brilliant uniforms of the Russian Court festivities. His simple mind was distracted by elusive visions of equality with the Czar. All these things did a good deal to warp a genial nature which was not sustained by intellectual cultivation. M. Loubet, foolishly denounced as unintellectual, is a man of wide reading, who is more likely to find solace for political disquiet in his books than in writing letters to Kings and Queens. He is a lover of music, and can forget in the joy of a symphony the venomous attacks of a Beaurepaire. As Prime Minister seven years ago, he made no special mark, but as President of the Senate he won the highest respect for his judgment and moderation. By some observers he is thought to be a weak man, who will be a tool and a stopgap for the supple Dupuy. But it is some indication of strength that he has held himself above the violent discords excited by the Dreyfus affair. More over, he is a staunch Republican, and his victory over M. Méline is a victory for the Republic over the extraordinary confederacy of half-hearted friends and avowed enemies of the existing form of government in France. The Ligue de la Patrie Française is a coalition of malcontents, who wait for an opportunity to destroy the Republic. The sudden death of M. Faure took them by surprise, and the furious campaign of calumny which they have started against M. Loubet is prompted by chagrin. The position of the Republic is stronger for M. Loubet's election; hence the virulence with which he is now assailed. One great quality which is conspicuously lacking in France is political courage, and if the new President should reveal that he possesses this in a high degree, he will render his country a notable service.

In our double-page illustration the picture of President Faure on Peterhof pier is a copyright stereo-photograph by Messrs. Underwood and Underwood. We are indebted to Mr. Philipp Horvath of 18, West Bolton Gardens, S.W., for the photograph of the shooting-party at Château de Tilleul.

## THE ICHANG GORGES.

The entrance to the Ichang Gorges, in Central China, is so different from anything one has seen up the Yangtse River that it is hard indeed to think one is still in China. Ascending the Gorges, the cliffs and mountains assume the most grotesque shapes, and form a veritable giant's caseway, worn in and out by the mighty rushing stream for centuries, above which tower lofty peaks, sheer precipices, and huge cones 1500 ft. to 3000 ft. high, some snow-capped and others fringed with trees; the hardy mountaineers' huts are perched high on the cliffs, or stuck like swallows' nests in some protected corner. One

most remarkable cone is called "The Needle of Heaven." Many are the legends of tiger-men, covered with hair and having tails, told by the simple people, who firmly believe in the existence of such imaginary beings. At the steepest parts the boats are towed by coolies. We also present our readers with an illustration of Mr. Pritchard-Morgan's "yamen" in Peking, which has there been jocularly called the "Welsh Legation." The group consists of Mr. Pritchard-Morgan, known as "the Welshman"; Mr. Gwynne, Reuter's agent there and also a Welshman; Dr. Morrison, the able correspondent of the *Times*, an Australian; and Sir Chengtung Liang-cheng, K.C.M.G., who, it will be remembered, was knighted by the Queen at the last Jubilee. The latter gentleman is under engagement to the Szechuan Administration as Chief Chinese Secretary, and is now preparing to leave Tientsin, where he has been what is known as an expectant Taotai, to reside with his family permanently in Szechuan. Our illustrations of the scenery of the Ichang Gorges are from water colour drawings by Mr. J. Smolley, of Shanghai.

## A GIFT TO THE CZAR.

On the day, some weeks ago, when the Russian Memorial Church built at San Stefano, near Constantinople, to commemorate the valour of the soldiers killed in the war of 1878, and the consequent Treaty of Peace, was consecrated in the presence of a member of the imperial family of



COVER OF AN ALBUM PRESENTED TO THE CZAR BY THE PEOPLE OF BULGARIA.

Photograph supplied by Rudolf Ertelt, Sofia.

Russia, there was in preparation, but not yet ready to be presented or sent to the Emperor Nicholas II., an appropriate gift to his Majesty provided by a public subscription among the Bulgarian nation. This gift, the work of preparing which has since been finished, consists of an album, containing seventy leaves, upon which are displayed 310 water-colour drawings of landscape scenes, local monuments, buildings, and other views in Bulgaria, including three houses occupied by the Emperor Alexander II. during that campaign over twenty years ago; they have been drawn by the Bulgarian artists of repute, Mitov, Michailov, Bienenbaum, Bolangari, Oberbauer, Drog, and Choreschny. But the most elaborately artistic part of the work is the splendid cover and binding of the volume, which is shown in our illustration. It was designed and modelled by the eminent sculptor, Boris Schatz, of Sofia, in the style of an antique Bulgarian Church-book of the Holy Gospels. The cover is of bronze, richly decorated with ornaments of gold, silver, and enamel; in the centre, on the front, is a bas-relief, with the figure of a Russian soldier, seated upon a gabion, holding in his arms a Bulgarian orphan child, and sharing his own ration of bread with the desolate little boy. Below this group is inscribed, in words and letters of the ancient Slavonic language, intelligible to both nations, the motto, "Brotherly Love." To the right and left are the names of fifty-seven places where battles or skirmishes were fought in the war of 1877 and 1878. Above the bas-relief is a medallion, with the portraits of the Emperors Alexander II. and Alexander III., and below it is another medallion, showing that of Prince Ferdinand, the present ruler of Bulgaria. The Album will be exhibited in the Hall of the Sobranjé, or Bulgarian Parliament, before it is sent to Russia.

STUDIES AT THE ZOOLOGICAL GARDENS.  
IX.—THE POLAR BEAR.

Whiteness at all seasons of the year and at all times of life is a very rare feature among mammals; one of the few in which this occurs being the Polar bear. Evidently the absence of colour is due to environment, this species seldom, if ever, ranging southwards of the regions of Arctic ice and snow; and from the fact that even the newly born cubs are of the same creamy whiteness, it is manifest that the creature has been a denizen of these cheerless climes for an incalculably long period. Indeed, the only evidence of kinship with other bears, as regards colouration, is the tendency to the development of a brown tinge on the hairs of some very aged individuals of the Polar species. To enable it to maintain a foothold on the ice this animal has a sparse coating of hair on the soles of the feet, which in other bears are completely naked. The head, too, is longer, and the grinding teeth are proportionately smaller than in ordinary bears, all these facts pointing to the long isolation of the ice-bear.

Whether this animal hibernates during the dreary and dark Arctic winter is a moot point, but the probability seems to be that it remains active at all seasons, although the females retire to a comfortable (!) ice-cave to bring forth their young. To seals and young walrus the Polar bear is a terrible foe; and the quantity of seal-flesh it will manage to put away is said to be astonishing. In spite of its huge size and formidable teeth and claws, the walrus-hunters never hesitate to attack a Polar bear, even when armed only with a lance; and generally manage to come off unharmed and victorious.

So long as they are provided with plenty of cold water, these bears flourish remarkably well in this country. R. LYDEKKER.

## THE 'VARSITY MATCH.

The Inter-University Association football match was played on Saturday, Feb. 18, at the Queen's Club, and resulted in a win for the Cambridge team by three goals to one. The weather was very foggy, but a goodly number of spectators turned out to witness the play. From the start Cambridge showed the better combination, and during the first half Moon and Blaker had both scored. Jameson's fine goal was registered for Oxford during the second half, but the Dark Blues did not score again, and Gosling completed the victory for Cambridge. Vassall (Oriol), the Oxford captain, showed some fine play forward, but found a watchful opponent in Vickers (Clare). Blackburn (Oriol) was the best back on the field.

## THE BLIZZARDS

## IN NORTH AMERICA.

Canada, and the United States on the Atlantic side, even so far south as Florida and Alabama, have been visited by a blizzard which continued three days and nights uninterruptedly, and ceased on the night of Monday, Feb. 13; but the work of clearing away the accumulated snow during last week employed four thousand men in New York alone, and ten thousand on the lines of the Pennsylvania Railroad Company only. Very few ships entered or left the harbour of New York in those days. In Canada, at different towns on the shores of Lake Erie and Lake Ontario, the visitation was severe; and the destruction of forest trees, as well as the overthrow of telegraph-posts, rendered travelling very dangerous. One post dragged down others, and the confusion was extraordinary. An illustration of a street in Hamilton, Ontario, thus obstructed by the fall of posts, will be found among the engravings we now present to our readers.

## THE MUSCAT INCIDENT.

The question of Muscat has been exercising the official mind, and that to some purpose. The public may have forgotten it amid the stirring events of the week, but the Government was alive to its importance. Colonel Meade, the British Political Resident in the Gulf of Persia, who hurried to Muscat so long ago as Feb. 6, has been making constant representations to the Sultan to secure the withdrawal of the promise which was given to the French. To lend force to his arguments, he availed himself of the services of Rear-Admiral Douglas and her Majesty's ships *Edipee*, *Sphinx*, and *Redbreast*, which are lying in the port of Muscat at the present time. Finally, under threat of a bombardment of the forts by the British Admiral, the Sultan revoked the grant of a coaling-station to the French, in spite of the protests of the French Consul. This decisive action on the part of the British authorities shows that the situation was much more serious than it seemed. France and Russia are trying to spread their influence at other places in the neighbourhood, notably at Busrah, the principal Turkish port on the Persian Gulf. The importance of this town is shown by the fact that its exports amount to more than a million pounds every year. More than half of the exports consists of dates and wool. The dates have long been celebrated. Marco Polo, who visited the place in the thirteenth century, speaks of them as the best in the world.



## PERSONAL.

Influenza has claimed a notable victim in Lord Justice Chitty, who was dead within a week of his last appearance in court. The son of a famous lawyer, he took high honours at Oxford, where he distinguished himself both in scholarship and athletics. People who argue that there is no fundamental hostility between sport and study will always cite the case of Joseph Chitty, who "stroked" the Oxford University boat for three years, and was a member of the University Eleven. In 1856 he was called to the Bar at the age of twenty-eight, and his success was immediate. He reached his highest distinction as a pleader in the Rolls Court when Jessel was Master. It was recorded that although Jessel had a devouring energy for business, especially on Saturday, he never failed to arrange the affairs of the court so as to let Mr. Chitty act as umpire for the University crews on the Saturday of the Boat-Race. Chitty took silk in 1874, and entered Parliament in 1880 as the colleague of Sir William Harcourt in the representation of Oxford. In the following year he was made a Judge of the Chancery Division, and in 1897 he was raised to the Court of Appeal. Lord Justice Chitty is universally acknowledged to have been one of the great lawyers of his time.



Photo. Elliott and Fry.  
THE LATE LORD JUSTICE CHITTY.

The Maharaja of Durbhunga, whose death was recently announced, was one of the premier Hindu noblemen of British India, and was distinguished alike as a philanthropist and as a statesman. Maharaja Sir Lakshmishwar Singh, G.C.I.E., was born in 1856. In 1883 he was appointed by Lord Ripon to be a member of the Viceroy's Legislative Council, and retained his seat in that body, with but slight interruptions, until his death. He was a fluent and accomplished English scholar; few Asiatics have more successfully combined in themselves the apparently incompatible characteristics of East and West. He was highly respected and esteemed by the European community, and was at the same time the recognised spokesman of his own countrymen on all political and social questions. During the disastrous famine of 1873-74, he contributed over £500,000 towards the relief of the sufferers, while at the time of the recent famine, in 1896-97, his benefactions exceeded thirty lakhs of rupees. The news of his death, which occurred suddenly at the early age of forty-two, has been received in India with universal demonstrations of regret.



Photo. Bourne and Shepherd, Colcutta.  
THE LATE MAHARAJA OF DURBHUNGA.

Wherever whist is played there must be regret for the eminent theoretical exponent of the game, Mr. Henry Jones (better known as "Cavendish"), who died on Feb. 10, aged sixty-eight. Mr. Jones, like his father before him, was a member of the medical profession, and was educated at King's College School and at St. Bartholomew's Hospital. Under his father's tuition the son early became an able whist-player, and when he published his anonymous first treatise on the game had the amusement and satisfaction of hearing his father, in all innocence as to the author's identity, appeal to "Cavendish" as an authority. Many more works followed on whist and other games. In 1869 Mr. Jones gave up practice, but was a member of the Court of the Apothecaries' Company.



Photo. Dunn, Brooklyn.  
THE LATE MR. HENRY JONES ("CAVENDISH").

The French Pretenders are not happy in the new turn of affairs in France. The Duke of Orleans has launched a manifesto to which nobody pays any serious attention. Prince Henry of Orleans now announces that he is prepared to take his place modestly at the head of the French

Government. That appears to interest no one in particular, except his brother. Prince Victor Bonaparte makes no sign, and his adherents are somewhat embarrassed by the prevalent suspicion that he is a Dreyfusard. His brother, Prince Louis, may be responsible for this. He is in the Russian army, and it is no secret that Russia, as a military journal in Paris plaintively bewails, is "Dreyfusite to the backbone."

The Paris correspondent of the *Neue Freie Presse* has been expelled from France because his despatches about the Dreyfus affair "betrayed bias." The correspondents are warned by the French Government that they must "maintain great reserve." This is ludicrous. What "reserve" is maintained by the Parisian journals? If M. Dupuy does not think fit to curb the license of Rochefort and Drumont, what right has he to interfere with the opinions of foreign correspondents? M. de Blowitz has spoken his mind in the *Times* on this point with great frankness. Will M. Dupuy venture to expel M. de Blowitz?

Mr. German Sims Woodhead, who has been appointed Professor of Pathology at Cambridge, in succession to the late Professor Kanthack, is a native of Huddersfield, and is in his forty-fourth year. He is the eldest son of Mr. J. Woodhead, formerly M.P. for Spen Valley. Mr. Woodhead was educated at Huddersfield College and at Edinburgh University, where he took his degree of M.D. In 1878 he was President of the Royal Medical Society; since 1890 he has been Director of the Laboratories of the Conjoint Board of the Royal Colleges of Physicians. He has been engaged for a number of years in teaching and in research, anatomy and pathology being his special subjects. He has written extensively on pathology and bacteriology, and acted as Assistant Commissioner to the Royal Commission on Tuberculosis from 1892 to 1895.

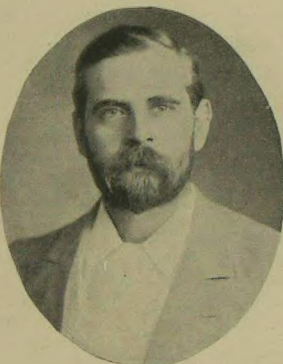


Photo. Buraud.  
MR. G. SIMS WOODHEAD,  
New Professor of Pathology at Cambridge.

While other memorials to Mr. Gladstone remain *en Pair*, that to be erected by the Oxford Union Society has been definitely decided upon. The subscriptions of past and present members of the society will be devoted to procuring a bust of the late statesman, to be placed in the Union Debating Hall. Mr. Gladstone, as everybody remembers, was during his undergraduate days President of the Union, that nursery of Parliamentary oratory. He will be represented in his robes as a Doctor of Civil Law. Mr. Gladstone appeared in his full academic costume when he paid his last visit to Oxford and delivered the first of the Romanes lectures in the Sheldonian Theatre. The commission for the bust has been placed in the hands of Mr. Onslow Ford.

M. de Greef, who proposes to renew his acquaintance with a London public at the beginning of March, is a pianist very well worth deliberating upon. A year or so ago he came over here and secured a great many genuine admirers; for he had a definite and individual style of singular delicacy and significance. His career has been throughout signalled by remarkable success. He has never known failure in any musical undertaking which he has put in hand, and his popularity seems to have been assured from the outset. To come



Photo. Crooke, Edinburgh.  
M. ARTHUR DE GREEF.

to more particular details, it is his Beethoven-playing which one recollects with especial pleasure. His recital, at which he will use a "Brinsmead," is fixed for March 2.

Spain's wrath at her conquered generals is daily finding vent. On Monday, in the Senate, Count Almenas alleged that General Linares had purposely exaggerated the gloomy outlook at Santiago in order that he might obtain orders to surrender. The Count read Linares' telegram in support of his charges, and declared that the General was liable even to the penalty of death for treason. The President called Count Almenas to order. The Count submitted and withdrew the words, but only, he said, to keep them in his heart. He further asserted that chests of money for the troops had come back to Spain unopened, and that the arms had been humiliated by official incapacity. Marshal Campos then attacked Count Almenas, who was desirous of replying, but was forbidden by the President. Thereupon, Señor Sagasta, the Premier, rose and deplored Count Almenas' action, which, he said, would add to the national calamities, as it would mislead public opinion. He then, in spite of considerable interruption, proceeded to defend the actions of the Government.

Uproar ensued, and amid indescribable tumult the President closed the sitting.

It adds to the general regret caused by the death of Sir Louis Addin Kershaw, late Chief Justice of the Bombay High Court of Judicature, that he had been appointed but a few months before to that important office. The late Chief Justice had a very distinguished career. He was the son of Mr. Matthew Kershaw, of Luddenden, near Halifax. He was educated at Pembroke College, Oxford, and graduated in 1868 with honours in law and history. He was called to the Bar in 1872 at the Inner Temple, and went on the North-Eastern Circuit. In a very short time he acquired an extensive practice, especially in arbitration and railway cases. He became a Queen's Counsel in 1895, and three years later was appointed Chief Justice for the North-West Provinces of India, being knighted at the same time. Only a few months ago he was appointed Chief Justice of the High Court of Bombay.



Photo. Buraud.  
THE LATE SIR L. A. KERSHAW.

The visit of the Duke and Duchess of Connaught to Khartoum was a stroke of sound policy. It cannot fail to have an excellent effect upon the native mind. Whether the desecration of the Mahdi's tomb and the casting of his body into the Nile will have an equally wholesome effect is a matter of opinion.

A familiar figure passes away from the Turf with the late Captain William Wykeham Holloway, who died at Yelverton on Feb. 10. Captain Holloway was born in 1808, and was the last surviving son of Mr. Benjamin Holloway, of Lee Place, Charlbury, Oxfordshire. He held for many years a commission in the Oxfordshire Militia. All his life he was devoted to the Turf, on all matters relating to which he was always looked upon as a great authority. In his day he was well known as a gentleman-rider. For a considerable period he had



Photo. Hambro, Brighton.  
THE LATE CAPTAIN HOLLOWAY.

lived in retirement at Yelverton, Devonshire. He was a bachelor. He paid his first visit to Ascot in 1818, when ten years old, and his last in 1898: he had rarely missed attending the meeting during the interval of eighty years.

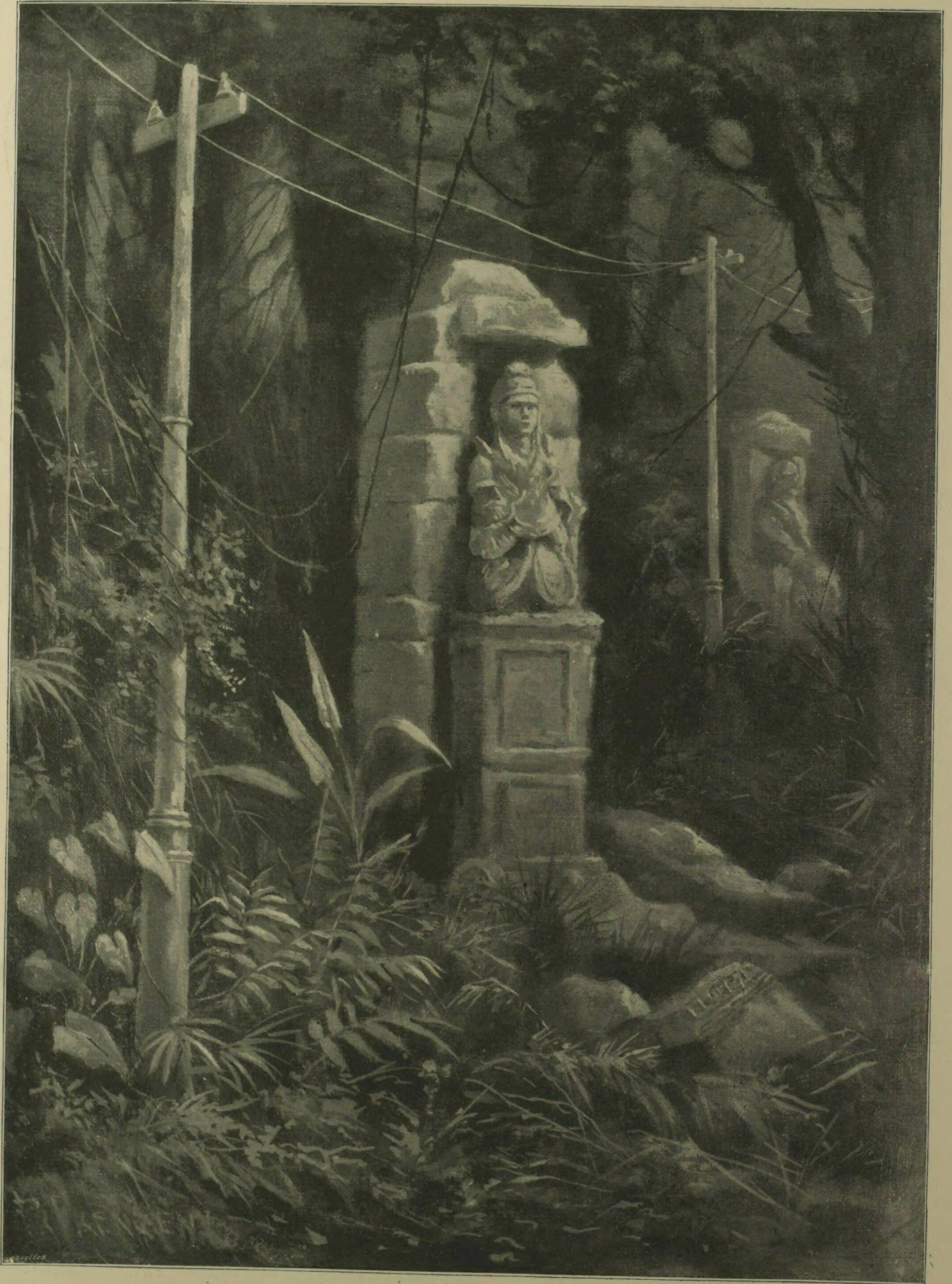
Mr. Chamberlain has written a letter to contradict the assertion of Mr. Andrew Carnegie that the object of British diplomacy is to entangle America in European quarrels for the benefit of England. Mr. Chamberlain points out that England is well able to take care of herself, and does not want America to fight her battles. There is not likely to be any alliance between the two countries in that sense. But they can render each other inestimable service without agreeing upon a defensive alliance.

The late Sir Charles Nairne, who passed away on Feb. 19 after a short illness, was an Artillery officer who served with distinction in the Indian Mutiny, and in the first Egyptian Campaign. Sir Charles, who was sixty-one years of age, was a son of the late Captain Alexander Nairne. He was educated at Addiscombe, and in 1855 was gazetted to the Old Bengal Artillery. In 1863 he took part in the second expedition to Euzofzai, and in 1878-79 served in the Afghan War. In 1882 he commanded the Royal Horse Artillery in Egypt, and was present at Kassassin and Tel-el-Kebir, for his conduct in which engagements he was nominated a Commander of the Bath. In India from 1887 onwards he held many important offices, being appointed last year Acting Commander-in-Chief of the forces in Bombay. He was buried on Feb. 22 at Charlton Cemetery with full military honours.



Photo. Dickinson and Foster.  
THE LATE SIR CHARLES NAIRNE.

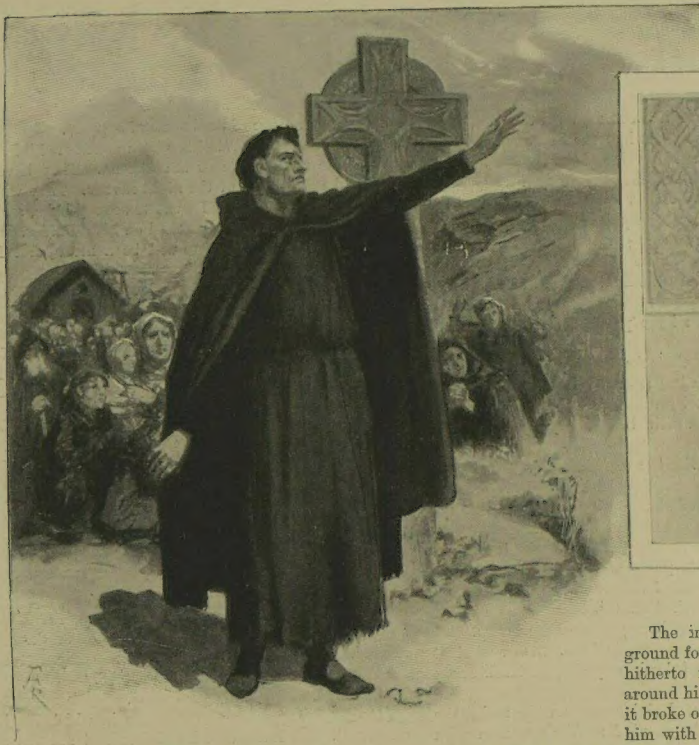




PAST AND PRESENT: IN A NICARAGUAN FOREST, CENTRAL AMERICA.

*The stone image of a deity of a vanished cult and civilisation and the modern telegraph-pole seem incongruous enough, yet such scenes as our Illustration presents may be met with in the silent virgin forest of Central America, from Colorado down to the Isthmus of Panama. The elaborate finish of the stone carvings gives a clue to the high proficiency these people must have attained in the plastic art. What a tale of decay and growth these two, the stone image and the telegraph-pole, tell in the silence of the forest!*





# PABO

## THE PRIEST

By S. BARING GOULD.

ILLUSTRATED BY A. FORESTIER.

### CHAPTER XVI. A SUMMONS.

The days spent on the mountain had not been as cheerless as that first night. The fire burned now continually on the hearth, the light peat smoke was dissipated at once by the wind, which was never still at the fall of the year at the altitude where was planted the hovel of the hermit.

The supply of food was better than at first. One night Pabo had found a she-goat attached to a bush near the stone of Cynwyl; and he had taken her to his habitation; where she supplied him with milk. On another night he had found on a rock a rolled-up blanket, and had experienced the comfort at night of this additional covering.

But no tidings whatever had reached him of what went on in Caio. This was satisfactory, and his anxiety for his flock abated. But he knew that the enemy was quartered in the valley, because no call had come to him to return to it. At nights he would steal along the mountain-top that he might, from Bronffin, look down on the sleeping valley, with its scattered farms and hamlets; and on Sunday morning he even ventured within hearing of the church bell, that he might in spirit unite with his flock in prayer. He concluded that one of the assistant priests from a chapelry under the great Church was ministering there in his stead. He knew that his people would be thinking of him, as he was of them.

During the day he made long excursions to the north, among the wild wastes that stretched interminably away before his eyes, and offered him a region where he might lie hid should his present hiding-place be discovered.

None could approach the hut unobserved, a long stretch of moor was commanded by it, and the rocks in the rear afforded means, should he observe an enemy approach, of getting away beyond their reach into the intricacies of the wilderness.

At first Pabo was oppressed by the sense of loneliness. No human face was seen, no human voice heard. But this passed, and he became conscious of a calm coming over his troubled heart, and with it a sense of freedom from care and childlike happiness.

The elevation at which he lived, the elasticity of the air, the brilliance of the light, unobstructed, as below, by mountains, tended towards this. Moreover, he was alone with Nature, that has an inspiring effect on the heart, whilst at the same time tranquillising the nerves—tranquillising all the cares and worries bred of life among men. It was a delight to Pabo to wander through the heather to some brow that overhung the Ystrad Towy or the valley of the Cothi, and look down from his treeless altitude on the rolling masses of wood, now undergoing glorious change of colour under the touch of autumn. Or else to venture into the higher, unoccupied mountain glens, where the rowan and the rose-hip were scarlet with their berries, and there he seemed to be moving in the land of coral.

It was a delight to observe the last flowers of the year, the few stray harebells that still hung and swayed in the air, the little ivy-leaved campanula by the water, the sturdy red robin, the gorse persistent in bloom. He gathered a few blossoms to adorn his wretched hovel, and in it they were as a smile.

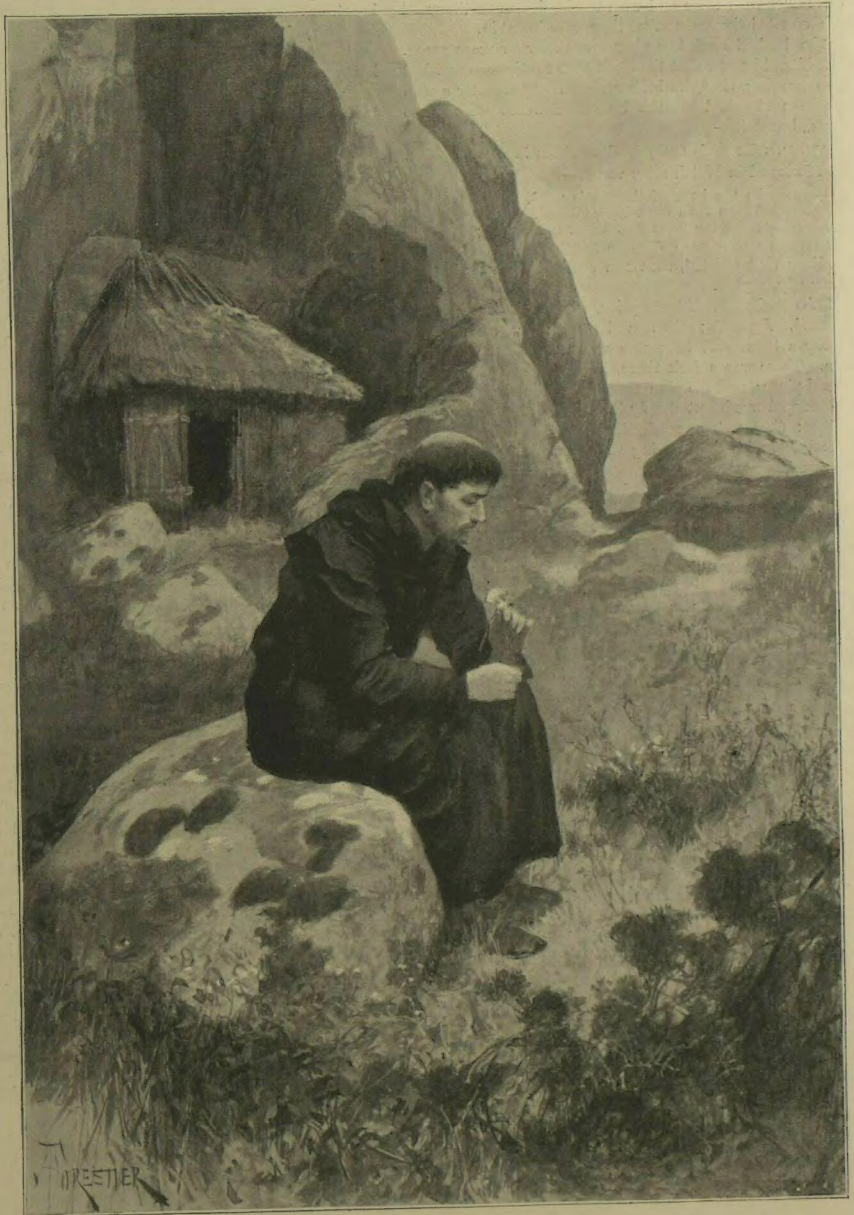
The birds were passing overhead, migrating south, yet the ring-ouzel was still there; the eagle and hawk spired aloft on their look-out for prey; the plover and curlew piped mournfully, and the owl hooted.

The insects were retiring underground for the winter. Pabo had not hitherto noticed the phases of life around him, below that of man; now it broke on him as a wonder, and filled him with interest, to see a world on

which hitherto he had not thought to direct his observation. There is no season in the year in which the lights are more varied and more beautiful than in autumn, the slant rays

painting the rocks vermillion, glorifying the dying foliage, enhancing the colour of every surviving flower.

But the fall of the year is one in which Nature weeps and sighs over the prospect of death; and there came on Pabo days of blinding fog and streaming rain. Then he was condemned to remain within, occasionally looking forth into the whirls of drifting vapour, charged with a strange dank scent, or at the lines of descending water. He milked his goat, collected food for it, and heaped up his fire.



*It was a delight to observe the last flowers of the year.*



Then it was that sad thoughts came over him, forebodings of ill; and he mused by his hearth, looking into the glow, listening to the moan of the wind or the drizzle of the rain, and the eternal drip, drip from the caves.

He had thus sat for hours one day, interrupting his meditations only by an occasional pace to the door to look out for a break in the weather, when there came upon him with a shock of surprise the recollection that there was more in the hermit's scroll than he had considered at first. Not much. He unfurled it, and beside the bequest of the hut, only these words were added: "For a communion look below my bed."

What was the meaning of this? It was strange that till now Pabo had given no thought to these concluding words.

Now he thrust the fire together, cast on some dry bunches of gorse that lit the interior with a golden light, and he drew the bed from the place it had occupied in the corner of the chamber.

Beneath it was nothing but the beaten earth that had never been disturbed.

The bed itself was but a plank resting on two short rollers, to sustain it six inches above the soil. Nothing had been concealed beneath the plank, between it and the ground—no box, no roll of parchment. Nothing even was written in the dust.

Pabo took a flaming branch and examined the place minutely, but in vain.

Then he threw off the blanket and skins that covered the pallet. He shook them, and naught dropped out. He took the pillow and explored it. The contents were but moss; yet he picked the moss to small pieces, searching for the commission and finding none. Then he drew away the logs on which the plank had rested. They might be hollow and contain something. Also in vain.

Thoroughly perplexed to know what could have been the hermit's meaning, Pabo now replaced the rollers in their former position and raised the plank to lean it upon them once more.

At this something caught his eye—some scratches on the lower surface of the board. He at once turned it over, and to his amazement saw that this under side of the pallet was scored over with lines and with words, drawn on the wood with a heated skewer, so that they were burnt in.

The fire had sunk to a glow—he threw on more gorse. As it blazed he saw that the lines were continuous and had some meaning, though winding about. Apparently a plan had been sketched on the board. Beneath were these words, burnt in—

*Thesaurus, a Romanis antiquis absconditus in antro Ogofau.*

Then followed in Welsh some verses—

In the hour of Cambria's need,  
When thou seest Dyfed bleed,  
Raise the prize and break her chains;  
Use it not for selfish gains.

The lines that twisted, then ran straight, then bent were, apparently, a plan.

Pabo studied it. At one point, whence the line started, he read, *Ingressio*; then a long stroke, and *Perge*; further a turn, and here was written *vertitur in sinistram*. There was a fork there, in fact the line forked in several places, and the plan seemed to be intricate. Then a black spot was burnt deeply into the wood, and here was written: *Cave, puteum profundum*. And just beyond this several dots with the burning skewer, and the inscription, *Auri moles pregrandis*.

Pabo was hardly able at first to realise the revelation made. He knew the Ogofau well. It was hard by Pump-saint—a height, hardly a mountain, that had been scooped out like a volcanic crater by the Romans during their occupation of Britain. From the crater thus formed, they had driven adits into the bowels of the mountain. Thence it was reported they had extracted much gold. But the mine had been unworked since their time. The Welsh had not sufficient energy or genius in mining to carry on the search after the most precious of ores. And superstition had invested the deserted works with terrors. Thither it was said that the Five Saints, the sons of Cynyr of the family of Cunedda, had retired in a thunder-storm for shelter. They had penetrated into the mine and had lost their way, and taking a stone for a bolster, had laid their heads on it and fallen asleep. And there they would remain in peaceful slumber till the return of King Arthur, or till a truly apostolic prelate should occupy the throne of St. David. An inquisitive woman, named Gwen, led by the devil, sought to spy on the saintly brothers in their long sleep, but was punished by also losing her way in the passages of the mine; and there she also remained in an undying condition, but was suffered to emerge in storm and rain, when her vaporous form—so it was reported—might be seen sailing about the old gold-mine, and her sobs and moans were borne far off on the wind.

In consequence, few dared in broad daylight to visit the Ogofau, none ever ventured to penetrate the still open mouth of the mine.

Pabo was not devoid of superstition, yet not abjectly credulous. If what he now saw was the result of research by the hermit, then it was clear that where one man had gone another might also go, and with the assistance of the plan discover the hidden treasure which the Romans had stored, but never removed.

And yet, as Pabo gazed at the plan and writing, he asked was it not more likely that the old hermit had been a prey to hallucinations, and that there was no substance behind this parade of a secret? Was it not probable that in the thirty years' dreaming in this solitude his fancies had become to him realities; that musing in the long winter nights on the woes of his country he had come on the thought, what an assistance it would be to it had the Romans not extricated all the ore from the rich veins of the Ogofau! Then, going a little further, had imagined that in their hasty withdrawal from Britain, they might not have removed all the gold found. Advancing mentally, he might have supposed that the store still remaining underground might be recovered, and then the entire fabric of plan, with its directions, would have been the final stage in this fantastic progress.

How could the recluse have penetrated the passages of the mine?

It was true enough that the Ogofau were accessible from Mallaen without going near any habitation of man. It was conceivable that by night the old man had prosecuted his researches, which had finally been crowned with success.

Pabo felt a strong desire to consult Howel. He started up, and after having replaced the plank and covered it with the bedding, left the hut and made his way down into the valley of the Annell, to the Stone of Cynwyl.

Notwithstanding the drizzle and the gathering night, he pushed on down the steep declivity, and on reaching the brawling stream passed out of the envelope of vapour.

The night was not pitch dark, there was a moon above the clouds, and a wan, grey haze pervaded the valley.

As he reached the great erratic block he saw what at first he thought was a dark bush, or perhaps a black sheep against it.

All at once, at the sound of his step on the rocks, the figure moved, rose, and he saw before him a woman with extended arms.

"Pabo!" she said in thrilling tones. "Here they are—the two pebbles!"

"Morwen!"

He sprang towards her, with a rush of blood from his heart.

She made no movement to meet his embrace.

"Oh, Pabo! hear all first, and then decide if I am to lose you for ever."

In tremulous tones, but with a firm heart, she narrated to him all that had taken place. This was now Sunday. Two men had been hung. On the morrow Howel would be suspended beside them. These executions would continue till the place of retreat of the Archpriest was revealed, and he had been taken.

She did not repeat to him the words of Angarad, Madoc's wife—now widow.

"Pabo!" she said, and tears were oozing between every word she uttered, "It is I—I who bring you this tidings! I—I who offer you these two pebbles! I—I who send you to your death!"

"Ay, my Morwen," he said, and clasped her to his heart, "it is because you love me that you do this. It is right. I return to Caio with you at once."

## CHAPTER XVII.

### BETRAYED.

A congregation exceptionally large under existing circumstances assembled on Sunday morning before the church of Caio. Fear lest the Normans and English quartered in the place should find fresh occasion against the unhappy people, were they to absent themselves as on previous Sundays, led a good many to swallow their dislike of the man forced upon them as pastor, and to put in an appearance in the house of God.

They stood about, waiting for the bell to sound, and looked shrinkingly at the hideous spectacle of the two men suspended by the bell, and at the vacant spaces soon to be occupied by others. At the foot of the gallows sat Sheena moaning, and swaying herself to her musical and rhythmic keening.

Around the Court or Council-House stood guards. All those standing about knew that within it were Howel and three others, destined to execution during the week.

They spoke to each other in low tones, and looks of discouragement clouded every face. What could these inhabitants of a lone green basin in the heart of the mountains do to rid themselves of their oppressors and lighten their miserable condition? Griffith ap Rhys, the Prince, had appeared among them for a moment, flashed on their sight, and had then disappeared. Of him they had heard no more.

Some went into the church, prayed there awhile, and came out again. The new Archpriest had not put in an appearance.

It was then whispered that he had left Caio during the week, and was not returned.

Sarcastic comments passed: such was the pastor thrust on them who neglected his duties.

But Cadell was not to blame.

He had left Llawhaden, and had made a diversion to Carreg Cennen by the bishop's orders. The road had been bad and his horse had fallen lame, so that he had been unable to reach his charge on Saturday afternoon. To

travel by night in such troubled times was out of the question, and he did not reach Caio till the evening closed in on the Sunday.

It was not, however, too dark for him to see that the frame supporting the bell presented an unusual appearance. He walked towards it, and then observed a woman leaning against one of the beams of support.

"Who are you? What has been done here?" he asked.

"There is my man—I am Sheena. They have hung him, and I am afraid of the night ravens. They will come and pluck out his eyes. I went to see my babe, and when I returned there was one perched on his shoulder. I drove it away with stones. There will be a moon, and I shall see them when they come."

"Who are you?"

"I am Sheena—that is my man."

"Go home; this is no place for you."

"I have no home. I had a home, but the Norman chief drove us out, me and my man, that he might have it for himself; and we have been in a cowshed since—but I will not go there. I want no home. What is a home to me without him?"

"Who has done this? Why has this been done?" asked Cadell.

"Oh, they, the Saxons, have done it because we will not give up our priest, our chief. And my man was proud to die for him. So are the rest—all but Madoc."

"The rest—what do you mean?"

"They will hang them all, down to the last man, for none will betray the chief. They will go singing to the gallows. There was but Madoc, and him the devils will carry away; I have seen one, little and black, slinking around. I will sit here and drive devils away, lest coming for Madoc they take my man in mistake."

Cadell was shocked and incensed.

He hastened at once to the house in which Rogier was quartered. He knew that he had turned out the owners that he might have it to himself.

Rogier and two men were within. They had on the table horns and a jug of mead, and had been drinking.

Said one man to his fellow, "The captain shall give me Sheena, when she has done whimpering over her Welshman."

"Nay," quoth the other, "she is a morsel for my mouth, that has been watering for her. He cannot refuse her to me."

"You, Luke! You have not served him so long as have I."

"That may be, but I have served him better."

"Prove me that."

"I can interpret for him, I know sufficient Welsh for that."

"Bah! I would not dirty my mouth with that gibberish."

"You have not the tongue wherewith to woo her."

"But I have a hand wherewith to grip her."

"The captain shall decide between us."

"Be it so. Now, captain, which of us is to comfort Sheena in her widowhood?"

"It is all cursed perversity of Luke to fancy this woman. Before long there will be a score of other widows for him to pick among. There is even now that wild cat, Angarad."

"I thank you. Let the captain judge."

Then said Rogier: "Ye be both good and useful men. And in such a matter as this, let Fortune decide between ye. There is a draught-board; settle it between you by the chance of the game."

"It is well. We will."

The men seated themselves at the board. The draught-men employed were knucklebones of sheep, some blackened.

While thus engaged, Cadell came in.

"Rogier!" he exclaimed, "what is the meaning of this? There be men hung to my belfry."

"Ay! And ere long there shall be such a peal of bells there as will sound throughout Wales, and this shall be their chime: 'Pabo, priest, come again!' By the Conqueror's paunch, I will make it ring in every ear, so that he who knows where he is hidden will come and declare it."

"Consider! You make the place intolerable for me to perform my duty in."

"Thy duty! That sits light on thy shoulders, I wot. Here have the poor sheep been waiting for their shepherd all the morn, and he was away."

"I have been with the bishop."

"I care not. I shall find Pabo ere long."

"But his fatherliness holds that Pabo the Archpriest was burnt."

"And we know that he was not."

"If there be found one calling himself Pabo—and he is in no mighty desire that such should be discovered—then let him be esteemed an impostor—a false Pabo."

"How so?"

The chaplain looked at the men and did not answer.

"But none has as yet been discovered," said Rogier.

"Do not press to find one—not in this manner."

"I shall not desist till he is given up. I have said so, and will be as good as my word."

As he spoke, a face looked in at the door, then, after an inspection, a body followed, and Goronwy approached stealthily.



He stood before Cadell with his eyes twinkling with malevolence, and his sharp white face twitching with excitement; nodding his head, he said—

"He is here—he, Pabo, and sho also whom the great Baron, the bishop's brother, desires; they are both here. Know well that it is I who have told you this, and it is I who claim the reward."

"The reward!"

"Ay, the Archpriesthood, which thou wilt resign for a rich benefice. Let me tell thee—here thou canst not live. They will hate thee, they will not receive the Sacraments from thy hand, they will baptise their children themselves rather than commit them to thee. The Word of God, coming from thy lips, will have lost all savour. They will die and be buried on the mountains under cairns, as in the old pagan times, rather than have thee bless their graves. No—this is no place for thee. What the captain has done has driven barbed iron into their souls; they will have none of thee. But I am of the stock of Cunedda—me they will welcome, and I will be the bishop's henchman."

"Pabo hero!" exclaimed Cadell, and looked round at Rogier, who had understood nothing that had passed in this brief colloquy, as it had been spoken in Welsh. The

"Another time," said Rogier. "The man we seek has run into our hands." Then to the boy: "Where is he hiding?"

Goronwy understood the question by the action of his hands, and replied in the few words he had picked up of French, "*Là—maison Howel.*"

"He shall be swung at once," said Rogier; "and then the first object on which the eyes of all will rest when they come out of their houses with the morrow's sun will be this Archpriest they have been hiding from me."

"Nay," said Cadell, "that may not be. I have orders to the contrary under the hand and seal of the bishop." He unfolded the instructions. Rogier cursed. "Well," said he, "Pabo to me matters but little—so long as I lay my hand on Morwen."

(To be continued.)

#### ECCLESIASTICAL NOTES.

The Archbishop of Canterbury has been exceedingly busy during recent weeks. Much work has fallen upon him in connection with the arrangements for the new Court of Archbishops, and his preaching engagements have been even more numerous than usual. A fortnight ago he

The arrangements for the Church Congress are progressing rapidly. The first edition of the Congress Guide will be ready in May. In the same month the clergy will be invited to read to their congregations a pastoral from the Bishop, and to arrange for special sermons in their churches on the Sundays before and after the Congress.

The Bishop of Worcester has left England for a holiday in the Holy Land and Egypt. He joined the steam-yacht *Argonaut* at Marseilles.

Canon Gore had an enthusiastic welcome from the Congregational Board at the Memorial Hall last week. Canon Gore never loses an opportunity of praising the work of Dr. Dale, whose *Life* he has just finished reading. His address lasted over an hour, and was heard with close attention. It was remarked that the distinguished High Church leader seemed quite at home among the Non-conformists.

Sir William Richmond's portrait of the Dean of St. Paul's is considered an excellent likeness. In the speech in which he returned thanks for the presentation, Dean Gregory mentioned that the Ecclesiastical Commissioners now dealt with £150,000 a year which once belonged to



Coronwy, plucking at his sleeve and pointing through the door, said: "*Là—Pabo! Morwen, là!*"

man who did understand the tongue was too deeply engrossed in his game to hearken.

"Ay, ay, Pabo is here—he and Morwen. I have just seen them; they came together down the glen, and are in the house of Howel ap John. Be speedy and have them secured, or they may again escape. Pabo is for you—and for him," he pointed to the Norman captain, "for him the comely Morwen, whom he has been looking for. Say, didst thou obtain for me the promise from the bishop?"

"What says this misshapen imp?" asked Rogier.

Then the young man silled up to him, and, plucking at his sleeve and pointing through the door, said: "*Là—Pabo! Morwen, là!*"

"By the soul of the Conqueror," exclaimed the Norman, "if that be so, Pabo shall be strung up at the door of his church at daybreak!"

Turning to his men, with his hand he brushed the knucklebones off the board. "Ye shall conclude the game later—we have higher sport in view now."

The men started to their feet with oaths, angry at the interruption, especially he who considered that he had won an advantage over his fellow.

"I would have cornered him in three moves!" he shouted.

"Nay, not thou: I should have taken thy men in leaps!"

addressed about nine hundred prisoners at Wandsworth Jail, and instead of taking the harsh and minatory tone so common in sermons to prisoners, he brought a message of sympathy and forgiveness. The Archbishop's engagements have been announced so far on as July 23.

The Rev. H. B. Ottley, Vicar of St. Mark's, South Norwood, will deliver the Golden Lectures at St. Margaret's, Lothbury, during the luncheon hour on Tuesdays in Lent. His subject will be "*A Vision of Sin: Some Elements in Common Life.*" The Golden Lectures were made famous by Henry Melvill, whose sermons were published at a penny as regularly as Spurgeon's. They are long, very eloquent, and full of gerunds. City men would scarcely have patience to listen to such efforts nowadays.

The latest news of Dr. Horton is in all respects satisfactory. He is rapidly recovering, and hopes to occupy his pulpit on Easter Sunday. Dr. Horton has been staying in Rome.

The new Bishop of Bangor has accepted the chairmanship of a committee which has been appointed for the purpose of promoting a testimonial to the late Bishop, Dr. Lloyd. It is intended to add the portrait of Bishop Lloyd to the collection in Bangor Palace, and to hand over to him the balance of money subscribed towards the testimonial.

St. Paul's. He specially thanked Sir William Richmond for his help in embellishing the Cathedral.

Dr. Cave, the learned Principal of Hackney College, is recovering from a serious illness. He has been subject for some years to attacks of heart-weakness, but there is, happily, no reason to apprehend danger.

In the New Year's address issued to the clergy and laity of his diocese, the Bishop of Gloucester refers to the joint action of the Archbishops with regard to the present question of Church discipline. The Bishop hopes that all Churchmen will consider the Archbishops' decision as final. "But," he adds, "if, on the contrary, obedience is still withheld, then beyond all doubt recourse must be had to the Courts without any delay."

Last Sunday the Rev. H. R. Haweis, of St. James's, Marylebone, began in his own church a series of Sunday evenings for the people. His subject was "*William Watson, Poet.*" There was a special programme of music and lantern illustrations.

The Rev. Alexander Connell, of Regent Square Presbyterian Church, is now on his way home. He will break his journey at Singapore, where the Presbyterians have a mission settlement. He will afterwards proceed to Calcutta to inspect the station at Rampore Boolia, which is about 150 miles due north of that city.





THE RECENT BLIZZARD IN CANADA: A STREET IN HAMILTON AFTER THE BLIZZARD.

*The weight of the snow caused telegraph-poles to snap with a report like cannon. One pole dragged others down until communication became impossible.*



THE CARNIVAL AT NICE: PROCESSION OF HIS MAJESTY KING CARNIVAL XXVII.

*The populace welcome King Carnival with frenzied excitement. On the last evening of the festival the huge effigy of his majesty is burnt.*

*Photo. J. Udella Nice.*





WHERE YOU CANNOT GO OVER, YOU MUST GO THROUGH.





1. A Shooting Party on the Tigris between Busreh and Gurnah (Garden of Eden).  
2. Boat conveying Women and Children to Centres of the Date-packing Industry.  
3. View in the Creek leading from Bhar-el-Arab to Busreh.

4. Irrigation outside Bushire.  
5. Water Store at Lingah, near Dunder Abbas.  
6. The recently erected Custom-House at Bushire: Interior.

7. Ploughing in Persia.  
8. Busreh: The Custom-House and Turkish Governor's Residence.

THE REPORTED FRENCH GAIN IN MUSCAT: SCENES ON THE PERSIAN GULF.



## EVENTS OF THE DAY.

Sir William Harcourt in office we know, also Sir William Harcourt in opposition, but Sir William Harcourt in retirement is hard to imagine. Theological controversy may be the diversion or even the serious occupation of a day, or a week, or a month; but even Mr. Gladstone found that polemical pamphleteering palled; and Sir William Harcourt is, when all is said, a politician first and a controversial writer afterwards. Everybody missed the speech he would have made had he been present at the debate raised by Mr. Samuel Smith's amendment to the Address; and a letter to the *Times* was hardly a satisfactory substitute. That is an opinion widely expressed by the public, and it is an opinion, if we may hazard a conjecture, shared in his own heart by Sir William Harcourt himself. The Riviera is delightful at this time of year, and Rome in its first spring must convert the doughtiest Protestant champion at any rate to its climate; but Sir William Harcourt will not really feel at his ease. The "Oh, to be in England, now that April's here!" of Browning, becomes "Oh, to be in London, now that the House is sitting" in Sir William Harcourt's aspirations. The question among his friends now is, "How long will Sir William stay in his retirement?" And the usual answer is that it will not be long.

Last week we published pictures of the effects of the recent severe frost at Naini Tal, among the Himalayas. On this page is reproduced an interesting pictorial contrast—summer and winter views of a small lake at Dharmasala in the Punjab. The lake, which lies at an altitude of about 1500 ft. above sea-level, wears such a wintry aspect as our picture represents only once in six or eight years. At Dharmasala frost is generally attended by heavy snowfalls on successive days, and the ice will bear only when a sharp



FAR FROM THE MADDING CROWD: SIR WILLIAM HARCOURT IN RETIREMENT.

SKATING ON DHARMSALA LAKE, IN THE PUNJAB.  
Photographs by Lieutenant T. J. M'Leod, 1st Gurkha Rifles.

frost and clear weather succeed one of these falls. Two nights' frost makes it safe for skating. The summer scene shows several amateur-built boats upon the lake.

The engagement of the Earl of Crewe and Lady Margaret Primrose has brought a host of congratulations to the contracting parties and to their near belongings. Old theories about the equality of ages between man and wife receive a certain shock by the marriage of a girl of eighteen with a man of forty-one; but there are exceptions to all rules, and the general opinion is that this is a particularly happy one. Lord Rosebery and his future son-in-law are not far divided in age, and Lord Crewe has a daughter who is a contemporary of his future wife. The date of the marriage has not been definitely fixed, but it will be before the summer.

The apprehensions which had gathered about the fate of the *Pavonia* were set at rest by her arrival at the Azores, whence her captain was able to telegraph a good report to the Cunard Company at Liverpool—to which city the *Pavonia* will herself probably return in about ten days. She will be a sight to be seen. Every ship is invested with a certain mystery, and seems to carry a cargo of fates. But not even Liverpool will often have seen a liner (and "she's a lady," Mr. Rudyard Kipling says) that has come through greater stress and peril than that endured by the *Pavonia* during the recent gales. On the last day of January she was struck by a hurricane, and lay in the trough of the sea for twenty hours. Next day she got up a little steam, and then had another stroke from the hurricane, and lay to. On the afternoon of the following day, her engines stopped, the boilers becoming detached and causing an immense rolling of the ship, over which the great seas constantly broke. Signals of distress brought the British steamer *Colorado* to the rescue, or the attempt at rescue; for the cable by which the *Pavonia* was taken in tow snapped almost immediately. The *Colorado*

signalled that though she could not tow the *Pavonia* she would stand by her, but in the night the storm parted the two. A week passed and the *Pavonia* was still drifting, the crew working night and day to try to attach the boilers and keep the water out. Hopes had become almost extinguished when the Liverpool steamer *Horatio* was sighted, but she signalled to her fellow town-ship that she could do nothing. The day after brought deliverance, for the West Hartlepool steamer *Wolveston* took the almost derelict *Pavonia* in tow. True, even then the cable broke; the ships lost each other, but came together again in a few hours, and, after immense difficulties and dangers, the *Pavonia* was towed to the Azores. There the passengers were safely landed, loud in praise of the conduct of the crew, and able to tell a tale of the sea that will not easily be eclipsed among narratives of hair-breadth escapes.

Mr. Choate may not come to England with the literary prestige which belonged to some of his predecessors. But the speech made by the new Ambassador as a sort of farewell to New York could not have been exceeded even in aptitude of expression by Mr. Lowell himself. His allusion to his own happy temperament and to an "unfailing good temper which no discussion can ruffle," as a valuable qualification for his new post, may or may not be ratified in the Embassies, where it is often thought that in diplomacy, as in so many departments of daily life, a man with a bad temper has an unfair advantage, because nobody likes to cross him. But there is the right ring in Mr. Choate's expression of his intention to bear in mind, as America's Ambassador in England, not only the interests of the country he represents, but the interests of the country to which he is accredited. That is the frankest assurance we have had that the reign of selfishness



DHARMSALA LAKE IN SUMMER.



is coming to an end in the dealings of the Powers one with another. The tribute paid by Mr. Choate to the Queen as America's faithful and steadfast friend stands for something more than mere rhetoric, and so does his opinion that, though between

place is sugar. The population is estimated at 11,900. At Iloilo vessels load and discharge cargo by means of lighters. The town was heavily bombarded before it surrendered, and the insurgents are said to have lost heavily. The United States troops did not lose a man.

The English schoolboy is not quite understood in France, and Père Didon, a learned French Dominican, has come over to England to study him on the spot. He has been to Eton as the guest of Dr. Warre; he has been to Rugby; and not even the preparatory school has escaped a visit of inspection. As the guest of the Dean of Christ Church last week, Père Didon visited various colleges—Magdalen, Merton, and New—and spent some time in the Bodleian Library. Père Didon has everywhere expressed his pleasure in the freedom enjoyed by the British boy compared with that granted to his French contemporary in the Lycées. "You make men," has been his favourite comment on the liberty left to the Eton boy to develop his own character; and when he got to Newnham he was equally emphatic in his protestation, "You make women." Possibly the national character, even more than the educational system, produces these desirable results. It is, at any rate, the national character that has created the school system; and any attempt to unite the two systems that does not take in account the two temperaments can hardly tend to happy results.

It is curious that a part of our coast defences, which have never been assailed by the cannon of an enemy, has now yielded to the assault of the ocean. During the recent gales on the south coast, the Martello Tower No. 17 at Hythe was damaged in the manner shown in our illustrations. On the seaward side, the wall of this tower is from 5 ft. to 12 ft. thick, but even masonry of this solidity was not proof against the fury of the sea. The wall has been split in different directions, some of the gaps being wide enough to permit of a person walking through. These martello towers, so familiar along our southern coast, form an interesting reminiscence of the times when Napoleon threatened our shores with invasion. In the scheme of defence adopted by the British Government, one of the most important particulars was the erection of a chain of forts and martello towers along the Kentish coast from Hythe to Sandgate.

The news of the railway accident near to Brussels caused a painful sensation which has only one satisfactory side—it proves how rare, even on the Continent, these disasters are getting to be. London also had her share of close interest; for the wrecked train is one that meets the London service to Brussels, and that becomes an express after leaving Enghien. On Saturday morning, at breakfast-time, the train dashed into the station of Forest, near Brussels, where already a local train was at a standstill on the rails. The engine came with such force that it reared and mounted the carriages of the train at rest, crushing all before it. Between the two trains over twenty persons were killed, and more than a hundred were injured. Help was at once afforded, a relief train from Brussels bringing to the spot a detachment of doctors, priests, and Sisters of Charity to look after the injured. Many of these were in the greatest pain, and yet refused to give their addresses lest their families should be alarmed. A governess, with her legs broken, was rescued after three hours' imprisonment under the engine, where she had had five dead bodies as buffers between herself and destruction. No English names are to be found on the list of the dead, but the historic bond between London and Brussels brings the cities once more into such contact as is occasioned by a common sorrow.

As a curious commentary upon the present tendency to a somewhat noisy militarism comes the announcement that, owing to scarcity of officers and men, the War Office has decided to disband another militia battalion, the 3rd, of the Devonshire Regiment, which has long been below establishment strength.

Mr. Robson's Bill, now with the Queen's Printers, is drafted to enact that after the first day of January in the new century the age of twelve shall be substituted for that of eleven in the Elementary School Attendance Act of 1893. Conveniently agreeable to this announcement comes the statement that in the North there is a growing feeling of dislike for child-labour. The weavers of Yorkshire have passed a resolution declaring in favour of the raising of the age of the little half-timers; and even in Lancashire there is a great trend of public opinion in the same direction. The vote may not in all cases be given in pity for the child; for the conviction gains ground that the parent does not really benefit by the admission of his children to the factory in which he works. John Stuart Mill always prophesied that where the family is employed it would receive only about the same united wages as should go to the man who works singly; and recent investigations in Yorkshire appear to verify to the letter his long-doubted prediction.



MARTELLO TOWER No. 17, AT HYTHE, DAMAGED BY THE RECENT GALES.

*Photographs by Sergeant-Instructor Wallingford, Hythe.*

England and America there must needs be rivalries, the contest will be one between friends, and "by resort to arms, never!"

The "burden of hospitality" is a somewhat ungenerous phrase; but not without provocation has a circular been issued by Lord Salisbury to her Majesty's representatives abroad. British travellers, wandering through foreign capitals on private business, or in search of health or pleasure, call at the Embassies, sometimes with letters of introduction from the Secretary of State himself, and a certain amount of entertaining seems naturally to ensue. But Lord Salisbury points out that such letters of commendation confer on their bearers no right to claim hospitality from the representatives of the Queen; and though he does not wish to suppress any generous impulses on their part towards their personal friends, he wishes them to know that these impulses are their own affair, and that the Government makes no demands in this matter on their not always very ample allowances.

Iloilo, which was taken by the United States forces on Feb. 11, is the post next in importance to Manila of the Philippine Islands. It is situated on the east coast of the island of Panay, about two hundred miles distant from Manila. The chief export of the



THE PHILIPPINE CRISIS: A STREET IN ILOILO, CAPTURED BY THE UNITED STATES FORCES ON FEBRUARY 11.



# THE LATE PRESIDENT FAURE: SCENES IN THE ELYSÉE PALACE.

*Photographs by Mary Spencer Warren, Leytonstone.*



SALON IN THE ELYSÉE PALACE, WHERE MADAME FAURE RECEIVED.



HEMICYCLE ROOM, ELYSÉE PALACE, IN WHICH THE PRESIDENT DIED.



SALLE DES FÊTES, ELYSÉE PALACE, CONVERTED INTO A CHÂPELLE ARDENTE FOR THE LYING-IN-STATE OF THE PRESIDENT.



SCENE OF THE PRESIDENT'S LAST CABINET COUNCIL, ELYSÉE PALACE: PRESIDENTIAL CHAIR IN FRONT OF THE FIREPLACE



THE LATE FELIX FAURE, PRESIDENT OF THE FRENCH REPUBLIC, AND HIS SUCCESSOR, M. EMILE LOUBET.



1. President Faure on Board the Battleship "Pothuon." 2. The late President.  
3. President Faure on Foot of his Visit to Russia, August 1897.  
4. The Gille at the Elyse: Signing the Valois' Book.  
5. M. Emile Loubet, elected President February 15.

6. President Faure leaving the Elyse for his early Ride in the Bois.  
7. A Shooting-Party at the Chateau de Villiers, the Property of M. E. Duhon, the late President's intimate Friend.  
The Names of the Company, reading from left to right, are: MM. René Buge, Comte Laguerre, E. Duhon, FAURE, G. Duhon, Deval, F. Duhon, General Fournier, A. Duhon.

8. After the Presidential Election: M. Loubet, with M. Dreyfus and Ministers, leaving the Congress at Versailles.  
9. The late President Faure in his Study.  
10. The Room in which President Faure expired.



## LITERATURE.

## NOTES ON NEW BOOKS.

*The Queen's Justice.* By Sir Edwin Arnold. (Thomas Burlingh.)  
*The Coming of Love.* By Theodore Watts-Dunton. Third Edition. (John Lane.)  
*The Black Prophet.* By William Carleton. With an Introduction by D. J. O'Donoghue, and Illustrations by J. B. Yeats. (Lawrence and Bullen.)  
*The Two Standards.* By William Barry. (Fisher Unwin.)  
*George Morland.* By J. T. Nettleship. (Seeley.)

All the substantial material of "The Queen's Justice," a story of Indian village life, has been taken from the account of a famous Indian trial, published in 1883 by Mr. Manomohan Ghose, with an introduction by Sir W. A. Hunter. Sir Edwin Arnold has evidently thought the pamphlet appealed only to the legal mind, and that it would be well if the facts were served up more popularly for presentation to the public. The hero of the story, Malek Chand, was wrongfully condemned for the murder of his little girl. The evidence was circumstantial, and much of it was false. He was a poor man, and had it not been for the disinterested and able investigation of the late Mr. Ghose, who demanded a second trial and conducted Malek Chand's case, a grave legal crime would have been committed. Sir Edwin has given the story scenery, and explained the conditions of village life in Bengal in such a way as to clear up many difficulties. His intention has also been to make the matter more readable and more real. But we think the method adopted by Mr. Ghose himself is much preferable, especially in his later book, "The Trial of Shama Charan Pal," published rather more than a year ago by Messrs. Lawrence and Bullen. There all the evidence at the several trials is given verbatim, with legal notes and a summary, and the contradictions and the developments in the witnesses' stories are more impressive than in Sir Edwin's trimmed and polished version of the earlier case. In both instances, we should mention, the false witness of a child weighed much in the unjust condemnations.

The prefatory note that signalises the third edition of "The Coming of Love" is characterised by a sense of conviction and sincerity from which he who runs may read that the author is dealing with the great subject of his life. In the course of the new hints of the witchery and humour of Romney heroines the general reader may now gather that a great deal in "Aylwin" and the poem which is practically its sequel is directly from life: not alone actual life, but the richer one of a mystical poet's mind, a mystical poet who can bring science into singular communion with song. The close of "The Coming of Love," with its remarkable treatment of the prophetic symbolism of nature, convinces one that Mr. Watts-Dunton as a poet must gain a deeper recognition in the future than is now the case. As a seer in the best sense he is in advance of his time. "Rhona" is as winning as ever on a quiet and considered new reading. It is interesting, by the way, to note the changes in the beautiful sonnet beginning "Beneath the loveliest dream there coils a fear," which Rossetti so much admired.

Carleton dealt largely with an Ireland which is gone for ever. He also dealt with moods and passions peculiar to the Ireland of every generation. At his best a pure pathos and immortal laughter seem to flow and revel in his pages. Luridness, gloom, and quaint characterisation mix naturally or bewilderingly in others. The higher reaches of Irish character, the spiritual moods, the magic of one kind or another, were beyond him if not alien to him. He was a great peasant, a capital story-teller rather than an artist; and as he had rambled, starved, suffered, and observed for years in a full-blooded pre-Famine Ireland, his stock of material when he came to write was inexhaustible. Sometimes he made only partial and miserable use of it. "The Black Prophet" is a characteristic story of a famine time. There is something of the best Carleton in it, not quite so much, perhaps, as Mr. O'Donoghue contends in his explanatory introduction.

Dr. Barry, apparently, does not burn to meet the wishes of the multitude. The reader of "The Two Standards" who wants a gripping story will be troubled now and then by side issues; but to those who admit a higher ideal of fiction this is a rich book. A crowd of current interests—religious, social, artistic, financial, and musical—is imported very deftly and thoughtfully into a narrative which, though not always direct, yet never drags. Here is representation of the world in which we all move, representation so pointed and sheer that it seems satire. Indeed, there is a good deal of implied satire in the book. Intimate criticism of the day takes the form of story; and the fact that it is the outcome of a broad-minded and in the best sense cultured personality, makes it criticism by no means to be missed. Dr. Barry has a mordant touch when he wills it; but, on the whole, intellectual temperance permeates his work. The English is usually excellent, often trenchant and powerful, as readers of Dr. Barry's criticisms can well believe. Certain touches charm, others glow, and an ordered imagination has played on the highly varied results of keen observation.

When a painter strays into the world of writers, it is, perhaps, ungracious not to give him a welcome, and when he is writing of his own subject it seems almost impertinent. But there is a line beyond which a defiance of the rules of English should not go, and it has been outstepped in Mr. Nettleship's *Life of George Morland*, the latest of the "Portfolio Monographs." Probably the book was quite unnecessary. There are several books on Morland already; he is not cryptic at all; and there is nothing very new or weighty in the criticism here. But, like all *rapins* of genius, he is endlessly interesting; his work is one of the clearest triumphs of English art, and lovers of art are inevitably attracted to anything that bears his name. So Mr. Nettleship has his chance. There are a great many scribbling hacks, who can write at least coherently, and who are generally out of work. Why should printers lose themselves in mazy parentheses, and entangle themselves in metaphors, and mis-spell good

energy in an attempt to express their special knowledge, when these hacks are available? Somewhere in this book we still believe there must be special knowledge if we could but find it. We have only found what appears to be a wholesale derivation of all the modern painters whom Mr. Nettleship likes from Morland. But then we confess we have not generally understood what he is driving at. If Mr. Nettleship were to take us before a picture and shake his head, or jerk his thumb, he would seem a great deal more articulate. But as we have said, the subject is of never-dying interest. It is good even to turn again to the old anecdotes of the ruffian. Not a pleasing human creature to contemplate is Morland; but how exhilarating! What a revelation of human energy that a short life of squalor and debauchery should yet have an output of such quantity and quality! Blagdon's tale that "when in the humour he could work as well drunk as sober," is probably true. "He has been known," he says, "after spending the evening in dissipation, to return home at 2 a.m., take a large canvas, and paint more than a mere sketch—e.g., a farmyard littered with straw, a calf, and a sow." An incapable, an impossible member of society; but a great and inevitable artist.

## A LITERARY LETTER.

LONDON, FEB. 23, 1899.

The retirement of Dr. Garnett from his position of Keeper of Printed Books at the British Museum calls for particular notice. Dr. Garnett has for more years than I can remember been a most distinguished figure in the literary life of London. I well recall the variety of occasions on which one came across his name in association with one or other aspect of scholarship. Now it was as a translator from the Greek or the Latin, now as a translator from the Italian or the German. He wrote well concerning Shelley and Coleridge, concerning Carlyle and Emerson: of these and other great writers he had always something distinctive and individual to say. A good critic, with a good style, he was also a poet and a story-teller on his own account, and full justice has not yet been done to his "Poems" and to his "Twilight of the Gods." When, at a later date, it became my privilege to know Dr. Garnett, I found that enormous scholarship and fine imagination were combined with one of the most genial and one of the most kindly of temperaments; that long years of wearisome questionings—the pathetic revelation of hundreds of poor and struggling readers in that great library, which could reveal so many tragedies of hunger and poverty—had in no way soured his beautiful nature. To be one of the greatest scholars in England, and to be at the same time one of the kindest and most accessible of men, is the honourable record which Dr. Garnett takes with him into his retirement. I am not without hope that this retirement may be made the occasion for a testimonial from literary England.

I am glad to see that there is to be a new edition of Carlyle's "Letters and Speeches of Cromwell." Messrs. Methuen are to publish it. New Cromwell letters are to be added by Mrs. Lomas, who will furnish notes and appendices, while Mr. C. H. Firth—who comes next to Mr. Gardiner as our authority on the period—will contribute a lengthy introduction. The next book to be treated in this way should be Carlyle's "French Revolution," which is even more distinctly a classic than the "Cromwell," and which, even more than the "Cromwell," requires introductions and notes from some latter-day scholar, say Mr. H. Morse Stephens.

A new magazine has just been commenced by the Macmillans, entitled *The School World: A Monthly Magazine for Use in Secondary Schools*. In the first number I note an article by Mr. H. G. Wells, entitled, "Wanted—a Classification," a scientific article that recalls the fact that some of Mr. Wells's early aspirations were associated with teaching.

Mr. Wells is at present running a serial story in *Harper's Weekly* in New York and in the *Graphic* in London. It is entitled "When the Sleeper Wakes," and deals with society in the distant future, as it presents itself to the pessimist man of science who believes that the world is going to make extraordinary developments, although those developments are not to be an unmixed blessing. Mr. Wells desires, he would say, to point a warning. A curious contrast, this story, to William Morris's more optimistic view in "News from Nowhere." Mr. Wells will, however, break out in another direction in a story that is to follow "When the Sleeper Wakes." This story, which will be called "Love and Mr. Lewisham," is a still further reminder of Mr. Wells's earlier association with the scholastic world. It will be found to be an exceedingly brilliant study of a young assistant-schoolmaster who has aspirations to set the world straight— aspirations which are considerably dashed by an early marriage.

The next volume of the Byron Letters—edited by Mr. Rowland Prothero and published by Mr. John Murray—that is to say, the third volume, will contain the years from 1814 to 1816—the years of "The Corsair," the "Ode to Napoleon," "Lara," the "Hebrew Melodies," "The Siege of Corinth," the "Monody on the Death of Sheridan," "The Prisoner of Chillon," and the third canto of "Childe Harold"—all of which are, I am glad to say, in my library in first editions. Of more importance to those eager for "revelations" is the fact that these years, 1814-1816, are the years of Byron's marriage and mysterious separation from his wife. Will Mr. Prothero add anything definite to our knowledge of the most world-famous marriage scandal of the century? As Mr. Prothero and his publisher wish it to be definitely understood that his book is a collection of letters, and not a "Life," there is not much reason to suppose that he will. Meanwhile I await with eagerness the continuation of Mr. Prothero's skillfully edited and profoundly interesting book.

Mr. Ernest Radford will have an article in the next issue of the *Art Journal* on Elihu Vedder, perhaps best

known as the illustrator of Omar Khayyám. Vedder's "Omar Khayyám," by the way, is published in folio and quarto form by Houghton and Mifflin, of Boston, but cannot be published here, although there is no trouble whatever in buying copies, as, indeed, of any number of other editions of FitzGerald's "Omar." For my part, I prefer Mr. Gilbert James's illustrations of Omar to Vedder's. They are better in art and better in spirit. Meanwhile we are to have a half-crown edition of FitzGerald from the Macmillans.

Of course one has a certain attachment to the books that one has owned for many years, and that one has marked and scribbled over and indexed; even the shabby condition of their covers in many cases has an element of endearment. Nevertheless, many a book-lover must also be tempted to revise his library every few years. Mr. John Nimmo, for example, has just published the very best edition of Burke that has ever been seen. It is, I imagine, a reprint of an edition that Mr. Nimmo published some years ago, but is a reprint in which the binding is more handsome and the paper more attractive. It is a political education to study Burke. Therefore, it only needs me to announce the appearance of this handsome edition in twelve volumes (published at four guineas net) for many of my readers to wish to subscribe for it—for every member of the House of Commons, for example, who has not a Burke, to order this one. What a success Mr. Nimmo would make of this edition did they all do so—all members and would-be members! The House of Commons might become interesting again.

A book for which an even larger audience will wish to subscribe is the new Tennyson, published by the Macmillans for £7 10s. net. It is in twelve handsome volumes, and includes not only all Tennyson's works, but also the "Life" by his son. This limited edition of Tennyson is to contain many things not hitherto published, and assuredly it is a joy to handle.

Another book which, I think, somewhat supersedes all previous editions is the new issue of the *Tattler* and *Speculator*. The *Speculator* has appeared in eight volumes, with Mr. Nimmo's imprint. It is edited by Mr. G. A. Aitken, the author of the "Life of Steele" and the "Life of Dr. Arbuthnot," a scholar whose researches in eighteenth-century literature excite our warmest respect. Mr. Aitken has also edited the *Tattler* for Mr. Duckworth, of Henrietta Street, London, and this edition of the *Tattler* makes four handsome volumes, quite unsurpassed in print, binding, and, indeed, in every condition of a good book. Mr. Aitken's "Steele" sufficiently demonstrated his perfect qualification for editing the *Tattler*.

The last of my recommendations in the way of fine new editions that have appeared, or are still appearing, is the complete set of Fielding's works that Messrs. Constable have published, with an interesting Introduction by Mr. Edmund Gosse. This, also, makes far the handsomest edition of Fielding that has appeared—the best-printed, the most attractive. I am glad to know that the Constables propose to produce the works of Smollett uniform with the Fielding. I very much hope that they will print "Peregrine Pickle" from the first edition, a thing that has not yet been done.

Stay, there is one further set of an author that I must include in this connection. It is the new edition of Lever's novels that we owe to Messrs. Downey. This, maybe, is the finest enterprise of them all, because it seems to me to have been the most precarious. That there should be a market to-day for an edition of Lever in some thirty-four handsome volumes would have seemed to me incredible, were it not that I have Mr. Edmund Downey's assurance that the publication of these Levers, with all the valuable illustrations by George Cruikshank and other artists, has been an unqualified success.

A correspondent writes to me with reference to the proposals concerning Keats's grave, to which I referred last week—

I heard with dismay of the proposal to "improve" the grave of Keats in its secluded corner of the Protestant cemetery at Rome. That seclusion is one of the many appropriatenesses of the spot where Keats lies, and where one can still say with Shelley that it makes one almost in love with death to think one might be buried in so sweet a place. You must, indeed, on a first visit, seek out the grave—there are no signboards to proclaim it; but that solicitude is not grudged by one who, like myself, was a little mortified to find, on arriving in the railway station at Rome, its name placarded on the walls, though we, for instance, do not announce to the traveller that he has reached London. The little dyke that bars the grave on one side at least protects it from careless strollers; and on the pilgrim it imposes no greater hardship than passing through a gate, which may be unlocked for you—it was for me—by a little portress, whose eyes are still a delightful memory. If these Vandals would visit the grave at this moment, they would find that it was a bed of violets, bearing more flowers, I verily believe, than any patch of ground of similar size in all Italy or out of it. "One white violet certainly is there," says a poet describing a typical bit of Italian greenery; and there, amidst a thousand purple flowers, I found one white one (and, Heaven forgive me, picked it!). What one can find "disgraceful" in the state of such a grave I cannot imagine; for I think that of all the flowers Keats when dying felt growing over him the violet is, perhaps, the one that he would have chosen in fulfilment of his fancy. I may add, to show how accessible to all corners the grave is, that while I stood (and knelt) at it a band of young Italian Seminars, in their clerical garb, gathered round the grave of the English poet and listened to a little eulogy of him from the lips of one of their number—a scene which I shall never forget, and which would have been impossible if the sacred and secluded spot had been already turned into a tourist's tea-garden.

The *Hundred Novels* issued by the *Daily Telegraph* will include many copyright books, among others Mr. Hall Caine's "Christian," Mr. Rudyard Kipling's "Soldiers Three" (which, although a collection of short stories, has been preferred to his "Light that Failed"), and Mr. George Meredith's "Diana of the Crossways." C. K. S.









STUDIES FROM LIFE AT THE ZOOLOGICAL GARDENS: No. IX.—POLAR BEAR ON THE ICE.

By LASCELLES AND CO., 13, FITZROY STREET.

*The Polar bear is one of the few animals which remain white at all seasons of the year, in adaptation to their environment.*



## THE REPUTED TOMB OF CHRISTOPHER COLUMBUS AT SANTO DOMINGO.

*Photographs supplied by Tomas Alexandr, Barcelona.*

The removal of the reputed ashes of Columbus from Havana to Seville has drawn fresh attention to the tomb at Santo Domingo, which also claims to enshrine all that was mortal of a man whom nobody cared to claim while he lived, but, on the contrary, nearly everybody repudiated. His addresses were rejected in turn by the Senate of Genoa, by King John II. of Portugal, by the Duke of Medina Sidonia and Medina Celi in Spain, by Henry VII. of England, and in the first instance by Ferdinand and Isabella of Spain. In remembering the record of his voyages—for the fitful glories of one great home-coming to Granada had as its set-off his return on another occasion in chains—one is forced to the conclusion that the modern explorer owes an immense debt to the modern newspaper, which makes him at once a popular hero if it does not actually pay the expenses of his adventure. Columbus dead was almost as great a rover as Columbus living. When, in 1506, he died in Valladolid, he found his first sepulchre there. Seven years later his



ARRIVAL OF CHRISTOPHER COLUMBUS AT GRANADA AFTER HIS THIRD VOYAGE.  
A PANEL IN THE SANTO DOMINGO MONUMENT.



CHRISTOPHER COLUMBUS IN THE COUNCIL OF SALAMANCA.  
A PANEL IN THE SANTO DOMINGO MONUMENT.

bones were taken to Seville. After another twenty-three years they were again disinterred, and taken, with those of his son Diego, to Santo Domingo, in Hispaniola, or Little Spain, as he had named Hayti when he visited it on his first voyage. There for two hundred and fifty years they were left at rest, and then to Havana they were or they were not taken. Santo Domingo says one thing and Havana says another. The bones of the son were sent to Havana, according to Santo Domingo, not those of the father; and, if that were so, the recent transfer to Seville was not what it purported to be to all-welcoming Spain. The decision cannot lie with the public; and Santo Domingo, at any rate, shows no sign of foregoing her claim to have in keeping all that is mortal of Columbus. His tomb stands in the cathedral to challenge the homage or the credulity of the bystander, with its bas-reliefs to bear witness, at any rate, to the achievements of the great wanderer as to whose whereabouts the mystery that reigned in his life endures even in his death.



SEPULCHRE AND MONUMENT OF CHRISTOPHER COLUMBUS  
IN SANTO DOMINGO CATHEDRAL.



BRONZE URN CONTAINING WHAT IS CLAIMED TO BE THE TRUE REMAINS  
OF CHRISTOPHER COLUMBUS AT SANTO DOMINGO.



## LADIES' PAGE.

## DRESS.

The Princess dress is to be a leading style this spring. Even when the bodice and tunic are not actually all in one, cut and trimming are mostly devised to give the impression of their being "all of a piece." The closest possible fit over the hips and the rigid following of the lines of the figure, modified only by the semi-blouse fullness of the exact front of the bodice, even if that much relief is allowed, make by no means a favourable fashion for the portly matron, or the over-plump girl just out whose still unfinished figure takes the exuberant instead of the "Lent lily" form of insufficiency. No, the Princess dress of the moment, guiltless of folds and draperies at the hips, is the prerogative of the slender and yet well-made figure; and it also demands the manufacturing skill of a first-rate fitter. For those to whom either of these comforts is denied by fate, the path of commonsense is clear—have a basque all round your little coat, or a deep "amazon" tail, or a plain-sitting skirt below your demi-bloused bodice, relieving its lines with robings of trimming, but do not order a plain Princess. If the Princess form can be ventured upon, it is most up-to-date to treat it as a tunic, and cut it off a few inches from the foot to show an under-skirt, which, without being actually flounced, must be very full, in contrast to the narrow, almost sheath-like tunic.

Buttons are to be a very much favoured trimming to convey the "all in one" effect. They are carried down the entire front of the dress in one line, from the neck (which is universally found in some form) to the foot; or there are lines of braid from the neck to the foot of the tunic, sloping in to the waist and then out again on the skirt, set all down with tiny buttons; and, again, those buttons may be continuous, or they may, and preferentially will, be set at intervals, and in groups, generally in threes. The top of the bodice is practically always either turned back in revers showing a narrow vest between—at the neck or right to the waist—or it is cut off to show a yoke to which the lower portion of the bodice is applied pinafore fashion. The yoke-vest at once suggests lace to the mind's eye habituated to the inspection of current fashionable dress. Irish guipure for choice is used, and laid flatly over white satin of various tones from pure white to the real cream colour that approaches yellow. On to such a yoke the material of the bodice or polonaise drapes slightly, more or less full or plain, according to the fabric. When the central vest is selected, either folded chiffon or muslin of the silken order, or a finer sort of lace is preferred, as it looks more graceful than the stiffer guipure.

Crape will take a new lease of popularity from being worn by the Princess of Wales in her mourning for her mother. The Princess did not use this conventional token of grief when her son died; she then wore black of dull texture, but her long veil was of gossamer, and no crape appeared on her robes. The change in the present case is said to be due to the Dowager Empress of Russia, who wears deep crape from choice for mourning. As the Princess of Wales was in company with her sister in Denmark, she, with her invariable graciousness, did not care to make a striking difference in regard to their outward and visible mourning. The mourning reform advocates who counted the Princess as their strongest supporter will regret the change. But I know of no real objection to the use of crape, except that it is a very perishable material, easily losing its freshness in ordinary use and injured by rain or dust; so that it is a costly luxury of woe to the poor. But really there is no reason why the expenditure or customs of the rich should be affected by consideration of the fact that the fashions that they adopt will be copied by other people whose resources and habits of life render those fashions unsuitable for them. Sumptuary laws

forbidding the poorer classes to wear the same raiment as their social betters are past for ever, but there is a tendency to re-enact them in an opposite sense from the older ones by public opinion, and to object to certain styles being adopted by the rich because they are unsuited to the poor, and yet the latter will persist in copying them. This is not quite reasonable.

Heavy and long-worn mourning attire is to be deprecated on other grounds than this common one of appeal to the wealthy mourner to remember the purse and the imitative faculty of the poorer. If the grief be real it will be terrible enough to bear, and will last too long for the good of the living, without the constant reminder of unaccustomed clothing; if it be not real, what a miserable, hypocritical pretence is the peculiar garb of woe! Then, again, mourning, beyond the quiet sorrow for a personal loss that cannot but be a sword in the heart of the loving and bereaved, seems really unchristian. For our own bereavement there must be secret tears; but if we have real faith in a better and happier world "beyond these voices," can we presume to parade our own selfish grief that the beloved has done with all the carking care, the moral perils, and the physical agonies that beset human life? It is this reflection that has made two women recently departed—Frances Willard and Mrs. Joseph Parker, each of whom was endeared to,

and appropriate costumes to express our position or feelings in every case, dress proper for gay state and ceremonies and pleasant conditions of every sort—shall we not give as much outward token of sorrow for the loss of friends? Well, there is something to say on both sides; and to return to the practical point, the adoption of crape by the Princess of Wales will help to restore its diminished use in mourning dress. It was, however, a kind and wise decision of the Queen to allow débutantes to attend the Drawing-Rooms in white during the Court mourning for Prince Alfred of Coburg.

Let us inspect the prettiness and suitability for a home dinner-table of the tea-gowns illustrated this week. The one of black chiffon with white lace yoke and appliqué down the tunic front is indeed too elaborate and close-fitting to be anything less "dressy" than a dinner-gown. The gathering of the chiffon on the hip is original and attractive, and the stole ends are graceful. The other illustration is a tea-gown of light silk, with lace front, the junction trimmed along with sequin passementerie, and the silk held to the figure by motifs of harmonising sequined embroideries.

## NOTES.

It is pleasant to hear that the Queen hopes to be able to take part in a public ceremony this season. This is

the inauguration of a new frontage and entrance to South Kensington Museum. Any prominent royal function is good for the season's trade by bringing people to town, and there are all too few of such events. It is proposed that the Museum shall be renamed either the Victoria or the Albert Exhibition.

To show that the University women of the present day had their fore-runners, the city of Milan is now celebrating the centenary of the death of a learned woman of an eminence that has even yet been unapproached by any others. Maria Gaetana Agnesi was born in a tradesman's family, but soon made herself a mathematical scholar, and at the age of only nineteen published a treatise of such distinction and originality as to obtain acknowledgments from many learned societies, and to lead Pope Benedict XIV. to appoint her to a Professor's chair in the University of Bologna. She

was also a great linguist, knowing the scholastic and five modern tongues. This singularly accomplished woman thought proper, while still young, to become a nun in one of the most austere and retired religious orders; so that all her learning and the capacity that enabled her to acquire it were soon extinguished under the coil and veil.

It is unfortunately apparent that the Ladies' Kennel Association and the Kennel Club cannot terminate their differences and join their efforts for the good of "doggydom." Both are influential bodies, but the Kennel Club is, of course, the more powerful and wealthy. Lady Ilchester and the other leading members of the L.K.A. have just had occasion to pen a strong protest to the committee of the K.C. against a determination on the part of the latter to found a "Ladies' Kennel Club" in connection with the men's Kennel Club. Lady Ilchester and her friends protest that they have been ignored in the matter, and urge that if it were considered necessary to establish such a branch, they should, in the first place, have been invited to affiliate and constitute themselves the new Ladies' Kennel Club. As this has not been done, they must consider the foundation of the new body to be "a hostile attempt to annoy and injure the Ladies' Kennel Association." Certainly if Lady Ilchester's association expresses itself willing to consider arrangements for affiliating with the K.C., it does not seem quite justifiable to form a rival ladies' association without even attempting first to settle matters so as to join the forces that separately have done so much useful work.

FILOMENA.



TEA-GOWN OF BLACK CHIFFON WITH WHITE LACE.



TEA-GOWN OF LIGHT SILK WITH LACE FRONT.

and sincerely grieved for by, a large circle of friends—leave directions that their friends should be asked not to put on any sign of mourning for their deaths. The heart's inevitable, even if selfish, pangs and cravings need no proclamation, though they must be endured. What would be thought of a mother who should attend swathed in mourning at the wedding of her only daughter, the one comfort and support of her delicate old age, who was at once to be taken to India for years by her husband? The loss to that mother herself of the light of her eyes, the daily comfort of her home, is as great; but she would be considered selfish indeed to show such personal grief for what would be considered probably to conduce to her child's happiness. Well, then, how can she properly parade her sorrow when her darling is removed "to her little cell of felicity, where she shall weep no more"?

Yet I will own that there is no passage in all the perfectly written and beautifully thought work from which I have quoted that last phrase (Jeremy Taylor's "Holy Living") that I read with so much inward dissent as his section on the deaths of children. That is an anguish too deep-cutting to be argued away. It is indeed "reversed our nature's kinder doom" when "the weeping parents bear him to the tomb" instead of the son paying the last inevitable rites to the elder generation; and though the parent's sorrow in this case may be described as "not love to the dead but to themselves," it is at any rate heartrending, and naturally disposes (as does any other like loss as truly felt) to putting off all tokens of brightness and gaiety. Then, too, there is something to be said for the mere etiquette of mourning: we have special



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## The Kent Argus.

"The famous pearls, the spécialité of this Company, are a veritable dream of soft milky whiteness, no two alike, but changing ever and anon into tender iridescent gleams, or a lovely sheen, thus defying even an expert to detect them from their costly prototypes."

## Hearth and Home.

"It is certainly a fact that no jeweller in London has more beautiful designs than the Parisian Diamond Company, whose premises are at 143, Regent Street; 85, New Bond Street; and 43, Burlington Arcade."

## The Gentlewoman.

"The latest thing in pearls, the many-rowed collarette, with several clasps of diamonds, is a veritable thing of beauty, and is conspicuous among the hundreds of this Company's adorable adornments."

## Truth.

"The rarely beautiful and artistic gem-work of the Parisian Diamond Company has met on all hands with the approval which it so thoroughly deserves."

## Scottish Life.

"Pearls that look so beautiful that I can hardly believe they are not real."

## The Lady.

"The Parisian Diamond Company numbers among its clients European Royalties and many women of title."

## The Whitehall Review.

"The Parisian Diamond Company has discovered the secret of presenting pearls whose purity and lustre equal anything sought after in the rocky depths of the ocean."

## The Lady's Realm.

"One of the most beautiful collarettes consists of seven rows of pearls of medium size, with slides of very fine Louis Quinze designs inserted with turquoise, and fastened with a beautiful clasp of the same."

## The Lady's Pictorial.

"Moreover, quite apart from any question of monetary value, it is a delight to wear them, for no more exquisite designs and wonderful workmanship could be lavished on gems even were they worth a king's ransom."

## Madame.

"Dainty to a degree in their fine artistic settings, the beautiful pearls of the Parisian Diamond Company have justly gained a world-wide reputation. Among these ornaments there are collars of the famous pearls which have been brought to such perfection by the Parisian Diamond Company, and now that fashion has decreed that pearls and diamonds must be worn in lavish profusion, everyone owes a debt of gratitude to the Parisian Diamond Company."

## St. James's Budget.

"I have seen some of the Parisian Diamond Company's corage brooches in lovely Renaissance designs, with pearl pear-shaped drops all transparently set with ribbon bows of diamonds, that might have nestled in the perfumed Valenciennes of a Louis Seize bodice."

## The Ladies' Field.

"The exquisite gem-work, which has been for so long associated with the name of the Parisian Diamond Company, seems to grow reason by season more and more beautiful."

"With an enterprise and ingenuity which are little short of marvellous, the Parisian Diamond Company continue to produce one lovely new design after another, until one begins to wonder whether their powers of artistic invention are absolutely inexhaustible."

## Vanity Fair.

"I hear that pearl collars go better with this sort of gown than any other ornament, a fact that makes the Parisian Diamond Company most busy, for their pearls are, as you know, perfection; and they must have someone supernally clever in design at their houses, for I never saw anything more perfectly done than the clasps and slides of Diamonds and other stones mingled with the pearls."

## Myra's Journal.

"At all times one is certain to find something novel at the Parisian Diamond Company's establishments, and just now there are many charming little jewels, all of which are characterised by that perfection of workmanship and elegance of design for which the Company has always been noted."

## The Illustrated London News.

"... What lovely woman would do at this juncture without the pearls of the Parisian Diamond Company who can say?

"It has been unquestionably proved that even experts are deceived by the lustrous colour and quality of these pearls."

## Table Talk.

"Their designs this year seem to be more beautiful and artistic than ever, and the extraordinary grace and perfection of the setting of the brilliant and beautiful stones can give one cause for nothing but admiration."

## The Court Journal.

"The Parisian Diamond Company's pearls and other gems are marvellous, while they are set with a refinement which shows that in this branch of the jeweller's art the Company is unrivalled."

## The World.

"The latest novelty is the collar, which has brilliant bars to clasp several rows of pearls together, and in the centre there is a beautiful ornament with large single stones set in a figure eight."

## The Mail and Express.

(NEW YORK.)

"... But everything that one sees at the Parisian Diamond Company's establishments is instinct with good taste and perfect workmanship."

## The Queen.

"The pearls of the Parisian Diamond Company now hold a recognised position in the fashionable jewellery of the day."

## The World of Dress.

"Jewels of real beauty, grace, and elegance."

## Modern Art.

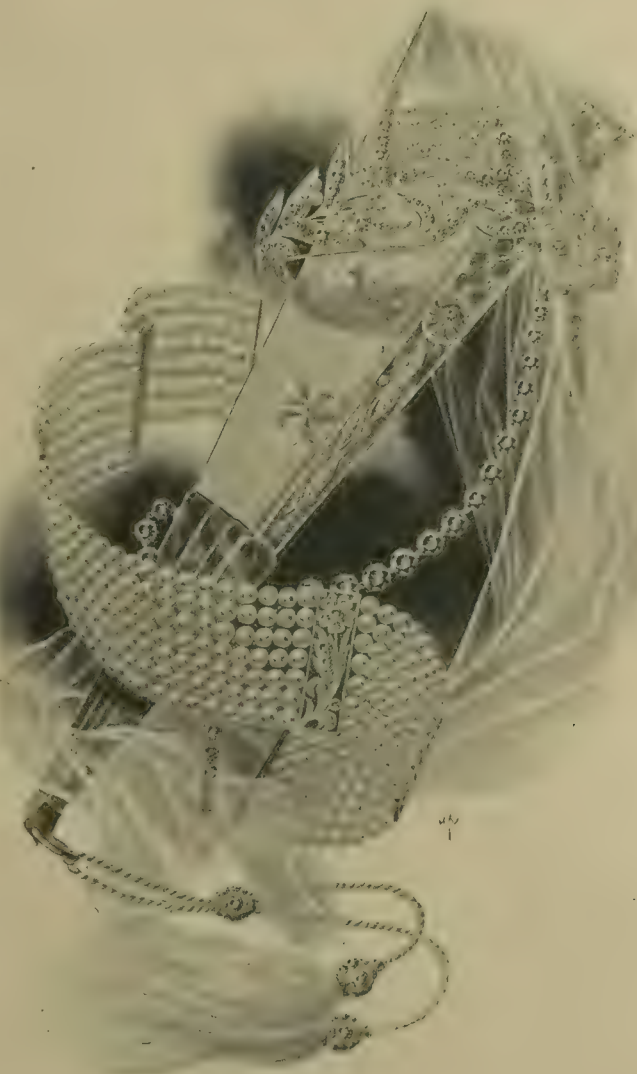
"Apparently the limit of resourcefulness, in the way of novelty and elegance, has not yet been acknowledged by the Parisian Diamond Company."

## The Ladies' Gazette.

"The dazzling display of the most exquisite ornaments meets one's eye on passing either of the establishments of the Parisian Diamond Company, the Head Branch of which is at 85, New Bond Street."

## The Illustrated Magazine.

"This Company is deservedly celebrated for their unique reproductions of the finest pearls which, for purity of colour, skin, and lustre, are certainly not equalled by any other firm."



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## Mrs. Aria.

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## The Illustrated Sporting and Dramatic News.

"To me it is a wonderful reflection how the public taste has been educated to this jewellery, which is not an imitation, strictly speaking, but artistic and refined reproductions of gems in less expensive fashions than our prodigal Mother Nature can so far yield them to us."

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the value of the estate being £148,244. The testator gives an annuity of £500 and the use of such of his household furniture and effects as she may select to his wife, Mrs. Jane Margaret Andrew, during her widowhood; certain family plate to his daughter, Mrs. Corbett; £500, upon trust, for the purchase of an annuity for Eliza Annabella Sutherland; £24,000, upon trust, for each of his five daughters, Mrs. Lucy Ingram, Mrs. Florence Lee, Mrs. Constance Mary Butler Bowden, Mrs. Bessie Sergeant, and Mrs. Margaret Ashton Corbett; and legacies to servants. The residue of his property he leaves between all his grandchildren, share and share alike.

The will (dated Nov. 9, 1897), with a codicil (dated Jan. 8, 1898), of Mr. John Newdigate Francis Ludford-Astley, J.P., D.L., of the Manor House, Ansley, Warwickshire, who died on Nov. 23, was proved on Feb. 11 by John Stratford Dugdale, Q.C., and Sidney Dugdale, the executors, the value of the personal estate being £98,181. The testator gives £500 to his sister-in-law, Mrs. Maria Catherine Ludford-Astley; £500 each to his nieces, the daughters of his sister Mrs. Frances Anne Champneys; £300 each to his nephews, the sons of his sisters Mrs. Champneys and Mrs. Jessie Maria Arlington; £350 to George Huish; £100 each to his executors; £20,000, upon trust, for his nephew John Beaumont Ludford-Astley; and £10,000, upon trust, for his nephew Alexander Gifford Ludford-Astley. The residue of his property he leaves between his three nieces.

The will (dated March 29, 1898) of Lady Clara Sophia Leslie Melville, of the Red House, Rochester, who died on Dec. 11, was proved on Feb. 11 by Lady Florence Lucy Leslie Melville, the sister and sole executrix, the value of the personal estate being £64,262. The testatrix bequeaths £500 to the Church Missionary Society; £250 each to the Church Army and the Church of England Society for Waifs and Strays; £5000 to her niece, Kathleen Mabel Farrer; two small legacies to her goddaughters, and legacies to servants. She appoints her sister her residuary legatee.

The will and codicil (both dated July 12, 1898) of Mr. Richard Booth, J.P., of Glendon Hall, near Kettering, and



A HANDSOME PRESENTATION CASKET.

The solid silver-plated Casket figured above is to be presented to Alderman James Wood, with the freedom of the Borough of Sheffield. It is of a large and bold character, and designed in the Italian style of the Cinque Century period. The body is enriched by various mouldings, bands of laurel, and especially beautiful repoussé ornament at the foot. It is supported at the four sides by enriched scrolls, and also in the centre of the box by a trophy of elaborate strap-work, amid which are sporting dolphins, each bearing a suitable shield. The box itself is oblong in general form, with Italian frame-work round each special feature of the decoration. The Casket was designed and manufactured by the Goldsmiths and Silversmiths Company, Limited, 112, Regent Street, London, W.

1, St. Aubyns, Brighton, who died on Sept. 21, was proved on Feb. 8 by Mrs. Margaret Horne Booth, the widow, and Lieutenant-Colonel Thomas George Booth, the brother, the executors, the value of the estate being £53,640 6s. 1d. Subject to the payment of £100 per annum to his eldest son, Robert Horne Brooke Booth, and to each of his unmarried daughters, the testator leaves all his property, upon trust, for his wife for life or widowhood. At her decease or remarriage he gives all his property in Ceylon, including the capital employed in his business of a

tea-planter, as to three tenths each to his sons Arthur Payne and Richard Jasper, and one tenth each to his four daughters, Mrs. Mildred Janet Nisbet, Mrs. Margaret Agnes Carter, Beatrice Augusta de Capell Booth, and Phyllis Helen Booth; and his land and premises called Bulls Wharf, Upper Thames Street, upon trust, for his daughters Beatrice and Phyllis, and the survivor of them, and then to follow the trusts of the Glendon Hall Estate. He settles the said Glendon Hall Estates on his son Robert, but charged with the payment of £100 per annum to his son Arthur Payne and £50 per annum to his son Richard Jasper. The residue of his property he leaves between all his children.

The will (dated June 16, 1891) of Mr. William Griffith Forster, of West Hallam Hall, Derby, who died on Oct. 27, was proved on Jan. 24 at the Derby District Registry by Mrs. Sybil Anne Forster, the widow and sole executrix, the value of the estate being £35,320. The testator leaves all his property to his wife.

The will (dated Aug. 29, 1896) of Mr. William Charge Booth, J.P., of Oran, Catterick, York, who died on Dec. 30 last, has been proved by Mrs. Maria Eliza Booth, the widow, and Edmund Harrison, the nephew, two of the executors, the value of the estate being £32,131. The testator bequeaths £200 and his household furniture and effects to his wife; 50 guineas each to his daughters, Mrs. May Marianne Mowbray and Alice Booth, who are otherwise provided for; and 25 guineas to Edmund Harrison. The residue of his property he leaves, upon trust, for his wife, for life, and then to his children by her in such shares and upon such conditions as she shall by deed or will appoint.

The will (dated March 17, 1883), with a codicil (dated Jan. 4, 1897), of Mr. William Piper, of Ackleton Hall, near Wolverhampton, who died on Jan. 9, was proved on Feb. 10 by Mrs. Catharine Mary Piper, the widow, Paris Sweeting Saunders, and Francis Farris Piper, the son, the executors, the value of the estate being £30,745. The testator gives £300 to his wife, and during her widowhood the income of two cottages at Ackleton and his freehold and leasehold premises at High Street and Commercial Street, Shoreditch,

# £250 Awarded.

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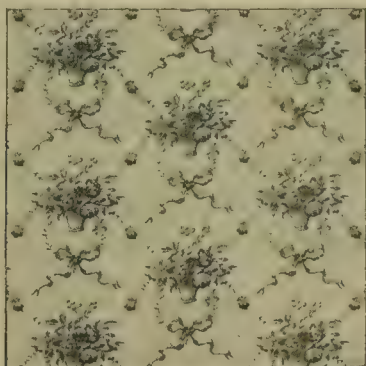
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which subject thereto are to be sold and the proceeds divided between all his children. Should she again marry an annuity of £100 is to be paid to her. He further gives £2000 each to his children, and £100 to Paris Sweeting Saunders. The residue of his property he leaves, upon trust, for his wife, until his youngest child attains twenty-one, or, being a daughter, marries, and then between them in equal shares.

The will of Sir Arthur Colin Curtis, Bart., of Dorking House, Cosham, who died about June 10, was proved on Feb. 10 by Dame Sarah Jessie Curtis, the widow and sole executrix, the value of the estate being £2099.

## SCIENCE JOTTINGS.

BY DR. ANDREW WILSON.

The results of inoculation experiments for the discovery of the causes of disease and of the means of cure have just received a very remarkable confirmation of their value in the shape of a report on the measures taken to prevent the spread of rinderpest among cattle in Cape Colony. I have always held that such experiments benefit not man alone, but the brute creation that groans and travails under the attack of the diseases peculiar to it. Surely it is a work of true mercy, regarded from the broad humanitarian point of view, to limit pain and disease among our lower neighbours in the universe of life, and if this can be done through experimental investigations alone, then such researches must be more than justified by their beneficent results. When Pasteur undertook

to investigate the nature and causes of splenic fever (or anthrax) he began a series of researches which resulted in the discovery of the germ of that disease. Then, through modification of the germ in his laboratory, he succeeded in producing a milder form of the microbe, which, used to inoculate the animals, produced a slight attack, such as protected them against the fatal ailment. It is not too much to say that Pasteur's work saved the agricultural prosperity of France, and enabled farmers then, as now, to combat successfully a very terrible animal plague.

I suppose everyone has read accounts of the ravages of rinderpest among the cattle at the Cape, and the fatal nature of this ailment is, of course, undoubted. It spreads with rapidity, and its limitation is a matter of great difficulty. Hence bacteriologists began to consider whether or not a protective inoculation could be discovered for the disease, and various modes of effecting this end have been devised. Among others, an inoculation derived from the bile of the animal, and modified by the application of glycerine—a process recalling to mind the glycerination of calf lymph for vaccination—has been attended with much success. The figures, which I quote from a recent note on the subject, are convincing enough. It appears that 98 per cent. of the cattle were affected with rinderpest, this estimate including those which had been inoculated. But while the number that died amounted to only 35 per cent.—a very small amount compared with the mortality seen in non-inoculated animals—those which were saved represented a proportion of 65 per cent. Another

estimate is still more interesting. In some twenty-three districts the total number of cattle inoculated numbered 393,777. Of these 32,464 died, representing 8 per cent., but the money value of the stock thus saved was above two millions sterling. When people are apt to decry the practical value of scientific research they may be tempted to keep such facts as these in mind.

Among the ailments which are due to the practice of certain trades, no one is more interesting from a scientific standpoint than the "caisson disease," or that seen in men who work in the coffer-dams, or caissons, used in the building of big bridges. The men discharge their duties in the midst of an atmosphere of compressed air. They are inclosed in these huge iron cylinders, into which the air is pumped under a tremendous pressure. Dr. Andrew Smith, of New York, was one of the first to direct attention to this curious ailment, and other opportunities have occurred for its study. In the case of the Forth Bridge, observations were made on the workers, and lately Dr. Thomas Oliver has made a valuable contribution to the literature of the subject, his observations being derived from a study of cases occurring at the Redheugh Bridge, which crosses the Tyne at Newcastle. The ordinary pressure of the air on our bodies is about 15 lb. to the square inch, while the pressure at Redheugh varied from 31 lb. to 35 lb., and this amount may be much exceeded. The symptoms produced in the workmen are curious in their nature. Sickness, giddiness, or even insensibility may be present, with severe muscular pains, and other signs of exhaustion. In the caisson, Dr. Oliver tells us, the

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It is sold by all Chemists, in Capsuled Imperial Half-pints, 2s. 6d.; Pints, 4s. 9d.; Quarts, 7s.  
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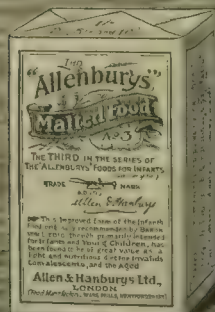
Sole Consignees: ANSAR, HARFORD &amp; CO., Ltd., 210, High Holborn, London.



A REVOLUTION IN  
CIGARETTE PAPER  
BOOKS.

EACH LEAF READY TO HAND FOR USE.  
AT ALL TOBACCONISTS.

"Infants fed on this Food are neither fretful nor wakeful"



# THE "Allenburys" Foods

## A SUCCESSION OF FOODS

WHICH AFFORDS NOURISHMENT SUITED TO THE CHANGING DIGESTIVE POWERS FROM BIRTH UPWARDS

The "Allenburys" Milk Food No 1  
The "Allenburys" Milk Food No 2  
The "Allenburys" Malted Food No 3

specially adapted to the first three months of life.

similarly adapted to the second three months of life.

hitherto known as "ALLEN & HANBURYS' Malted Food," and has proved all that can be desired for Infants after five or six months of age.

Complete Foods,  
STERILIZED, and  
needing the addition  
of hot water only.

Allen &amp; Hanburys Ltd., London.

REVISED LABEL.



# Marching Onward!

All "Kitcheners" to a man,  
and of

WORLD-WIDE FAME

Y R

YORKSHIRE  
RELISH

THE MOST DELICIOUS SAUCE  
IN THE WORLD.



YORKSHIRE RELISH is Sold Everywhere in Bottles, 6d., 1/1, & 2/ each. Beware of Substitutions.

Sole Proprietors: GOODALL, BACKHOUSE, & CO., LEEDS.

## "A MARVEL."

This poor little babe  
of Wood Green  
Was the sickliest  
child ever seen,  
On her pillow she  
lay  
Till "Frame Food"  
won the day,  
And she's happier  
now than a Queen.



BEFORE

AFTER

Mrs. MINSHALL, 141, Tarrant Avenue, Noel Park, Wood Green, N., writes on  
November 13, 1898—

"Sirs,—I cannot help being thankful to your Food for restoring my baby to health. She was poorly from birth, and up to three months did not get on at all, and wasted away till she was nothing but a frame of skin and bone—in fact, resembled a monkey more than a child—and had to be laid on a soft pillow. The doctors at Ormond Street Hospital told me she would not live another week; indeed, one could not wish her to live; but a friend gave me some of your Food to try (she was giving it to her own baby), and I did so. From that time I can safely say she gained flesh with such rapidity that it was marvellous. She got so fat and heavy it was trying to nurse her, and my friends are continually remarking what a marvel she is."

(All testimonials published by the Frame Food Co. are absolutely unsolicited and gratuitously given.)

## "Frame Food" Diet

supplies the Organic Phosphates, Albu-

minoids, and other constituents necessary for the full development of the

bones and muscles of growing CHILDREN,

and is easily digested by the YOUNGEST INFANTS.

It builds up the strength of INVALIDS wasted by disease. To expectant and nursing mothers it is invaluable, as it helps to replace the loss in the maternal system, and adds largely to the value of the milk as a food; and as "FRAME FOOD" DIET is composed of all the constituents forming a perfect food, it should be taken by all who seek to preserve their health.

Most Nutritious. Very Digestible.

For INFANTS, INVALIDS, and EVERYBODY.

Sold Everywhere in Tins, 1 lb. at 1s., 4 lb. at 3s. 6d.

## "Frame Food" Jelly

like "FRAME FOOD" DIET, contains the ORGANIC PHOSPHATES AND ALBUMINOIDS (extracted from Wheat Bran) which are vitally necessary for developing the Human Frame, and invigorate and strengthen at every period of life. It possesses the nutritive and digestive properties of Malt Extract, is much cheaper and more palatable. Children eat it readily on bread or butter or in puddings, and grow stout and strong when using it. It builds up the strength of the invalid; it keeps the athlete in perfect condition; and adults find it invigorates and vitalises all the functions of the body.

Nourishing as Malt Extract; Delicious as Jam

Sold in Air-tight covered Jars of about 1 lb. at 9d.

2 lb. Sample "FRAME FOOD" DIET, or Sample 5-oz. JAR of "FRAME FOOD" JELLY, sent FREE on receipt of 3d. for postage; both samples sent for 4d. for postage. Mention this Paper.

FRAME FOOD CO., Ltd., BATTERSEA, LONDON, S.W.

# DON'T COUGH



## KEATING'S LOZENGES.

"94, Commercial Road, Peckham, July 12, 1889.

"Dear Sir,—I am a poor hand at expressing my feelings, but I should like to thank you. Your lozenges have done wonders in relieving my terrible cough. Since I had the operation of 'Tracheotomy' (the same as the late Emperor of Germany, and unlike him, thank God, I am still alive) performed at St. Bartholomew's Hospital, no one could possibly have had a more violent cough; it was so bad at times that it quite exhausted me. The mucus, which was very copious and hard, has been softened, and I have been able to get rid of it without difficulty.—I am, Sir, yours truly, J. HILL."

## UTTERLY UNRIVALLED.

From strict inquiry it appears that the benefit from using "Keating's Lozenges" is understated. Since the operation, a specially severe one, performed by the specialist, Dr. H. T. Batlin, of St. Bartholomew's Hospital, the only means of relief is the use of these Lozenges. So successful are they that one affords immediate benefit, although from the nature of the case the throat irritation is intense.

## WEIGHT IN GOLD.

Sept. 8, 1891, Mr. Hill writes: "I should long since have been dead, but for your Lozenges—they are worth their weight in gold. I will gladly see and tell anyone what a splendid cough remedy they are."

Sold Everywhere in Tins, 1s. 1½d. each.

THE UNRIVALLED REMEDY FOR

COUGHS, HOARSENESS, THROAT TROUBLES.

## FAULKNER DIAMONDS

AND PEARLS, REGISTERED.

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SET IN REAL GOLD AND SILVER. CATALOGUE FREE.

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Beautifully Mounted.

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Diamond Brooch, Pearl Centre, 16- Single Crescent, 8- Brooch 15-

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Diamond Pin and Stud Combined, 166

Gold, 32-

FAULKNER PEARL NECKLETS.

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SUCCESSORS TO  
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Company, Limited,  
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# Neave's Food

Has for some time been used in the  
**RUSSIAN IMPERIAL FAMILY**

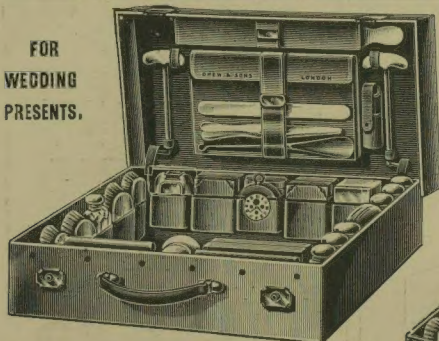


"NEAVE'S FOOD is carefully prepared from cereals, and contains flesh and bone-forming constituents above the average of the best purely farinaceous foods, so that when it is prepared according to the directions given with each tin, it makes a PERFECT FOOD FOR INFANTS."

Mrs. ADA S. BALLIN, Editress of "BABY,"

**In 1lb. Tins, ONE SHILLING.**

FOR  
WEDDING  
PRESENTS.



Supply Purchasers Direct from their Works,  
Saving all Intermediate Profits.

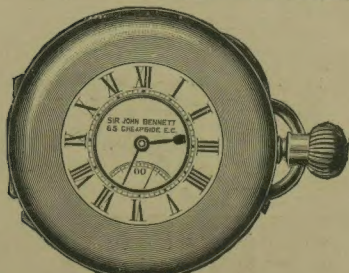
THE LARGEST AND FINEST STOCK IN LONDON TO SELECT FROM.

Customers' Own Fittings adapted when Desired.

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**DREW & SONS** Actual Makers of PATENT "EN ROUTE" TEA AND LUNCHEON BASKETS PATENT WOOD FIBRE TRUNKS

**SIR JOHN BENNETT, LTD.,**  
WATCH & CLOCK MANUFACTURERS.



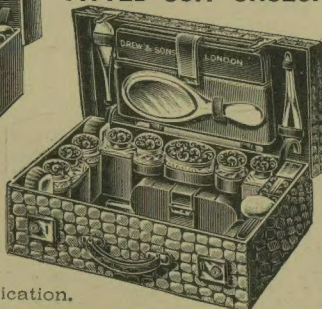
**£25.**—A STANDARD GOLD KEY-LESS 1/4-PLATE HALF-CHRONOMETER WATCH, accurately timed for all climates. Jewelled in thirteen actions. In massive 18-carat case, with Monogram richly embossed. Free and safe per post.  
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**£20, £30, £40** Presentation Watches. Arms and Inscription embossed to order.

**£25** Hall Clock, to Chime on 8 Bells. In oak or mahogany. With Bracket and Shield, Three Guinea extra. Estimates for Turret Clocks.

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**DREW & SONS,**  
PICCADILLY CIRCUS, LONDON, W.  
Specialists in Manufacture of  
Finest Quality  
DRESSING-BAGS AND  
FITTED SUIT-CASES.



**£10.**—In return for £10 NOTE, free and safe per post, a LADY'S GOLD KEYLESS WATCH, perfect for time, beauty, and workmanship, with keyless action, air, damp, and dust tight.

**SILVER WATCHES, from £2.**  
**GOLD WATCHES, from £5.**  
Illustrated Catalogues post free.

**£5.**—SILVER KEYLESS ENGLISH LEVER WATCH. A fine 1/4-plate English Keyless Lever, jewelled, chronometer balance, crystal glass. The CHEAPEST WATCH EVER PRODUCED. Air, damp, and dust tight. GOLD CHAINS AND JEWELLERY.

JEWELLERY OF EVERY DESCRIPTION.



## HOW RACES ARE WON.

The secret of Tom's success is Poncelet's Pastilles. These keep the air passages free, strengthen the throat and lungs, and by their use Tom avoids Coughs and Colds.

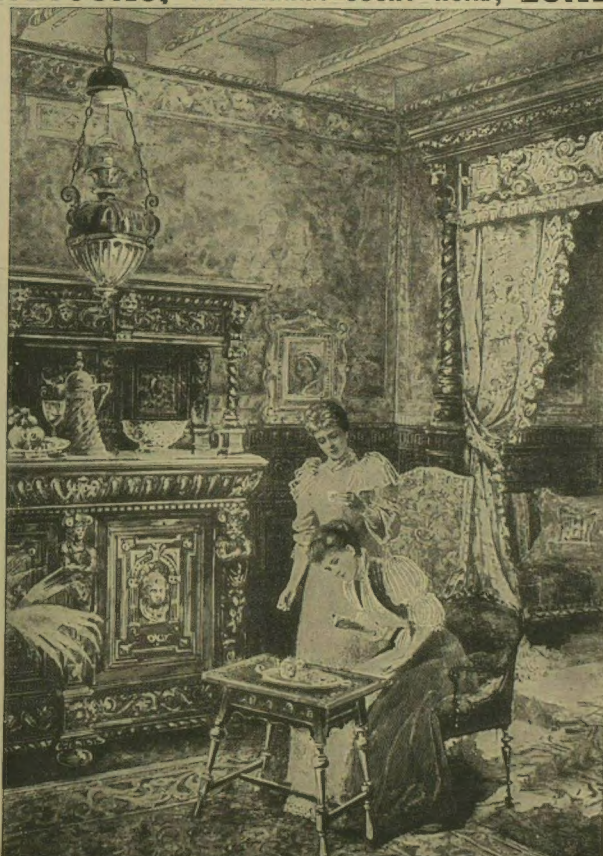
**LISTEN! YOU WHO COUGH, TO GOOD ADVICE, PONCELET'S PASTILLES.**

Poncelet's Pastilles are most Agreeable to the Taste. They Prevent and Cure Coughs, Colds, Bronchitis, Hoarseness, Throat Irritation, &c., when all other remedies have failed. Their Action is Immediate.

1s. 1jd. PER BOX OF 100. OF ALL CHEMISTS.

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out-at-elbows. He took him to the nearest wine-shop, gave him something to eat and to drink, sat himself opposite to his guest and told him to recount his misfortunes. "But take your time over it, I am not in a hurry, and I like to have my emotions gently stirred, not banged about," he recommended. The poor outcast began his tale, the philanthropist listened attentively to the very end, just as if he were at the play. The remuneration to the narrator was proportionate to the degree of emotion he aroused. If the man's story was very sad he received a couple of francs; if it was positively heartrending and made the listener cry, he was sure to get a five-franc piece; after which the philanthropist came to Dr. Véron, saying, "I have thoroughly enjoyed myself, and made the interval between each sensational episode last as long as I liked, and what is more, the whole affair only cost me seven francs, just the price of a stall at the theatre." At present prices have gone up, but so have outcasts' needs; the philanthropist's savings, if he were alive, could therefore not be calculated to a nicety.

Perhaps the man in the Cardiff theatre wanted his feelings harrowed, and was not aware of the comic intent of

"The Belle of New York." An old friend of mine from the country, and practically unacquainted with the London theatres and the nature of the entertainments provided by them, had made up his mind to go to the Adelphi to have his "fill of grief," and landed in the Vaudeville, where they were playing "A Night Out." He sat the whole of the evening like a stone, waiting for the blood-curdling episodes which, of course, never came. Next day he confessed to me his "thorough disappointment with the whole of the show." On the other hand, I remember sitting some years ago, at Christmas-time, behind an aged couple at the Lyceum when Tennyson's "Cup" was on the bills. They sat absolutely unmoved until the priestesses made entrance. "Ah, here are the fairies at last!" exclaimed the old gentleman, with evident delight, and his companion nodded with equal joy. They had come to the play under the impression that they were to see a pantomime.

The indifferent spectator at Cardiff may have laboured under a misapprehension as to the nature of "The Belle of New York." He may have thought it was a stirring drama. He did not, however, deserve the censure of the

actor. He committed no offence. "Levis fit patientia quidquid corrigere est nefas," sings Horace. Literally translated it reads, "Patience renders more tolerable that which you cannot prevent." The spectator acted up to the axiom: the actor would have been wise had he done the same.

Southborough, near Tunbridge Wells, is a fortunate little town to have among its inhabitants Sir David Salomons. Education makes so many appeals, and has so many friends, to say nothing of its Government backing, that the cause of recreation often stands in sore need of a benefactor. Sir David Salomons shares this opinion, and Southborough benefits accordingly. He has sent a cheque for £3000 to the District Council for the erection of a municipal theatre, and is, in addition, laying out a large athletic-ground, where a spacious cinder-path will invite the cyclist, and where the player of cricket, of tennis, and of football will find his favourite pastimes fully considered. Sir David has given not only a playhouse and playground to Southborough, but to magnates all over the country a capital hint.

# "Vinolia" is an emollient Soap for Sensitive Skins.

**HOOPING COUGH.**  
**CROUP.**  
**ROCHE'S HERBAL EMBROCATION.**  
THE celebrated effectual cure without internal medicine. Sole Wholesale Agents, W. EDWARDS and SON, 157, Queen Victoria Street, London, whose names are engraved on the Government Stamp. Sold by all Chemists. Price 4s. per bottle.

**ROBINSON & CLEAVER, BELFAST.**  
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**CAMBRIC POCKET HANDKERCHIEFS**  
Children's, 1/3 doz. Hemstitched.  
Ladies', 2/3 . . . . .  
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"The Irish Cambrics of Messrs. ROBINSON & CLEAVER have a world-wide fame."—The Queen.

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Really wholesome Confectionery.  
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IN ALUMINIUM.  
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Leakage impossible.  
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The "Lancet" writes:—"A convenient and valuable remedy."  
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The Highest Award at the Exhibition, 1889. London: G. JOZEAU, 49, Haymarket, W.; MERTENS, 64, Holborn Viaduct, E.C.

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TO MOTHERS.  
**MRS. WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP**  
FOR CHILDREN TEETHING.  
Has been used over Fifty Years by Millions of Mothers for their children while teething with perfect success. It soothes the child, softens the gums, allays all pain, cures wind colic, and is the best remedy for diarrhoea.  
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WILL CURE  
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Miss C. Bradford, Denollie, Upperton Road, Rushmore, writes:—"Please send me one of your belts treating with NEURALGIA. My mother has worn your belts for two years; she had her for HEADACHE, etc.; she now says it is worth its weight in diamonds, not gold."  
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**IF YOU COUGH, USE GÉRAUDEL'S PASTILLES.**  
Let your lungs be filled with the vapour of Norwegian Pine Tar, which they give off whilst dissolving in the mouth. The efficacy of Pine Tar in all affections of the Throat and Lungs is well known. The best mode of applying it is by inhalation, and the mouth makes the best inhaler.  
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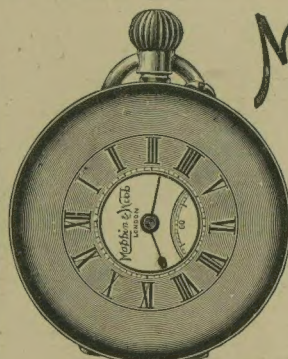
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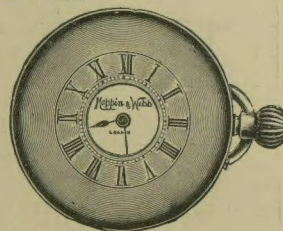
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**FOOD FOR INFANTS, INVALIDS, AND THE ACED.**

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"Retained when all other Foods are rejected."  
LONDON MEDICAL RECORD.

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"Yours truly,  
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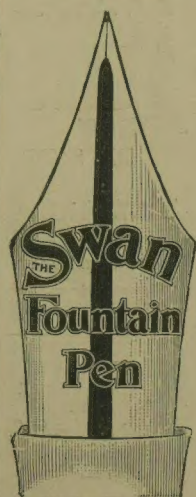
DAVID WILLIAMSON, Esq., Editor of the "Temple Magazine," writes: "I wrote both my books on Gladstone with my beloved 'SWAN'; and not only these volumes, but many columns lately which have had to be penned in railway carriages, where your pen is just as excellent as when used on terra firma."

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In the Chancery Division, recently, Mr. Justice Chitty, on the application of Mr. Lewis Edmunds, Q.C., granted a perpetual injunction.

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**ARE**

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passing off imitation Curls and representing them as Hinde's.

HINDE'S Ltd., Manufacturers of Brushes and Articles for the Toilet.

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Cure all Liver ills.

But be sure they are **CARTER'S**.

Carter's Little Liver Pills are widely counterfeited. It is not enough to ask for "Little Liver Pills"; CARTER is the important word, and should be observed on the outside wrapper, otherwise the Pills within cannot be genuine.

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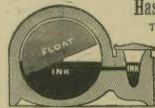
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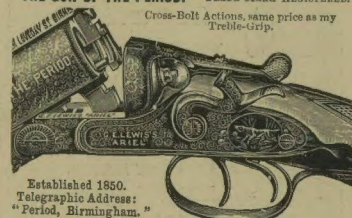
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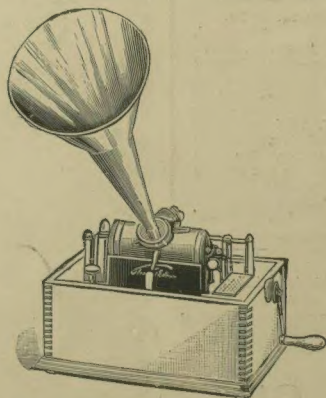
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